

The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and, by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

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Review of the Week.

THE sound of peace is no sooner heard from St. Petersburg, than France, if not England as well as Germany, instantly presumes that the peace is all but concluded; and in this country we hasten to the belief that it will be settled on our own terms. Whether it is that the Czar feels, through his Exchequer, and through the failure of his plans, the exhaustion that has come upon his people, or that, as his friends profess, he has new views for the internal improvements of Russia, and means to be the PETER the GREAT of Peace, or that Prussia has, as they represent, been reading new lectures upon the revolutionary dangers to be apprehended from continued war, the Czar has, at all events, accepted the terms proposed by Austria, after having refused them. There is no public proof of any event that has happened between the acceptance and the refusal to account for the change in the Imperial mind; but there must have been some cause, and experience of Russia naturally suggests a crooked motive. The common form of the suspicion is a belief that Russia may have snatched at a hint thrown out in the despatch of Count BUL, that the counter-signature of the ESTERHAZY propositions by the Western Powers would render them preliminaries of peace, and constitute them the order for an armistice in Europe. In virtually making these propositions to Russia, Count BUL has reckoned without his host. The Western Powers recognise the propositions sent to Vienna as correctly representing the conditions which they would accept; but they do not form such a statement of the conditions as the Western Powers consider sufficient, either in precision or in completeness. Some other conditions have to follow, and particularly, it is supposed, some under the fifth article, prohibiting the erection of fortifications at Bomarsund. This is to be the recompence for the new alliance of Sweden, and it is a very small recompence for the large offers which Sweden has made. The armistice, therefore, cannot begin until the Western Powers have deliberated upon the form of conditions which they are to present, and Russia has

signed those conditions, as well as the Austrian propositions.

The anticipation of peace, however, does not rest entirely upon the supposition of what the Czar would desire. It rests upon the belief that his means have been exhausted, and that the hitherto neutral Powers are so conscious of the peril which would ensue from a continuance of the war, with its extension to the north of Europe—that they are prepared to take sides with the allies in coercing Russia, rather than permit the contest to be renewed this year. No doubt it would be sound policy for them to do so; but kings do not always abide by sound policy; and we apprehend that those politicians who ascribe such a course to Prussia are judging of her policy by their own view rather than the view likely to prevail in the counsels of King FREDERICK WILLIAM. The exhaustion of Russia is a more palpable fact. Her difficulty in obtaining money in the markets of Europe has become notorious; the discontent in St. Petersburg, that artificially maintained city, is also known; and the bombardment endured by GORTSCHAKOFF and his forces would, probably, have much more important political results if it were transferred to St. Petersburg, as unquestionably it will be if Russia braces another year's campaign. It is on these grounds, principally, that the Czar is expected to submit.

If it be the reason, the Government at St. Petersburg has, as usual, made some endeavour to conceal the true motive—first, by a circular to the representatives at foreign Courts, intimating that Russia takes her new course out of deference for friendly Powers, and not in her own interests; secondly, by an announcement published to the lieges, making much of the Czar's condescension in listening to terms, and proclaiming that he is so anxious to complete his gracious resolve, that he does not enter into any "accessory negotiations." This seems to mean that he will not hinder the continuance of the Peace Conference by collateral negotiation. The message sent to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF in the Crimea to suspend hostilities, also looks something like an earnest on the part of Russia. There is an ostentatious moderation which amounts almost to a confession of the exhaustion which is denied.

Ostensibly, at least, our own Government continues very warlike. The Ministerial press is strongly contrasted in its tone with the Ministerial press of France, where all classes seem to snatch at the earliest prospect of peace. A portion of our Ministry, it is understood, is earnestly anxious for war. It is perhaps felt in high quarters that the military *prestige* of this country has been rather damaged by the accidents in the Crimea. The fortunate surprise of the Malakhoff gave a comparatively easy triumph to the French, while the impracticable attack upon the Redan fastened something like a stigma on the English. The causes of the distinction were so well known, however, in Sebastopol, that it had no moral effect until certain un-English writers in this country gave the hint to the French soldiers in the Crimea, and taught them to swagger in superiority over their English Allies. A year's campaign might retrieve this temporary injury to our countrymen, and might unquestionably secure better terms for the Western Powers than they can now command, if it did not offer some opportunities for people on the Continent with whom the English ought to be in effective alliance. But man proposes, and God disposes: no peace or war can be continued exactly as individuals, or even as separate States, desire. We reluctantly incurred the curse of a war; we may as reluctantly incur the half blessing of a transitory peace.

In a few days the public will know more; its representatives will be assembled in Parliament, and Ministers will be obliged to make a distinct statement. It is understood that they not only feel obliged but anxious to do so; that they have many interesting facts to communicate; and Parliament has never assembled at a juncture more interesting. Just as it meets, there will be a remarkable election. Mr. MACAULAY accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, and retreats from Parliament to the library. In effect, his occupation for the seat of Edinburgh had become honorary. Modern Athens was proud to be represented by the most successful living historian, the most accomplished rhetorician, and, really, the most independent of the statesmen that belonged to the Whig party; but Mr. MACAULAY himself scruples to fill a seat without fulfilling its duties; and he leaves Edinburgh to give him a

successor. More than one name has been mentioned. For some time there has been a talk of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, whose tenure of a London seat has become very precarious. The favourite candidate known is Mr. ADAM BLACK, the eminent bookseller, who is thoroughly identified with Edinburgh, in conviction, feeling, interests, and habits.

Death, too, has withdrawn HENRY GOULBURN, and Cambridge University has to provide a successor for PEEL's Chancellor of the Exchequer. Here, again, more than one name has been mentioned. There was, for the moment, an apparent chance of placing in the seat for Cambridge one of the finest thinkers of the day, whose writing has had a powerful influence on influential minds, ARTHUR HELPS; but while many of the electors were getting up a requisition to invite him, more hurried agitators had prepared to bring forward Mr. DENMAN, who is well known in Cambridge, though less known to the public; and Mr. HELPS declines to oppose his friend. Mr. DENMAN is the candidate who would represent the philosophy, science, and liberal feeling of Cambridge. Mr. WALPOLE is put forward to represent the opposites—and he accepts the mission!

His translation to the University seat would vacate Midhurst, and Mr. SAMUEL WARREN, the Recorder of Hull, the novelist of "Ten Thousand a Year," the poet of the "Lily and the Bee," the lecturer on the working classes, aspires to sit for Midhurst; and although he is *ex professo* that untoward being "a remarkable man," his address to the electors is remarkable for nothing but a total abstinence of opinions.

One of the first subjects pressing upon Parliament will be a revision of the railway system. The contests within the Eastern Counties Company continue; chairman and shareholders are pleading against each other in pamphlet and public meeting; and Parliamentary intervention is imperatively needed.

Another subject probably must be the ticket-of-leave system and reformatories. Reformatory institutions have multiplied in the English counties during the recess, while the enormities committed by ticket-of-leave men have rendered a continuance of the present system, unaltered, impossible. The highest and most active minds have bent themselves to consider a fitting reform. A sort of preliminary debate has been worked off in this manner; and we may expect cogent and practical discussions in Parliament, probably with measures to amend the ticket-of-leave system and to enlarge the powers for establishing reformatories.

Another portion of our penal system will also challenge revision—that part which relates to cases like that of PALMER, and which involves abuse of insurance. Some are anticipating a change in the law of insurance, so as to prevent the frauds and crimes to which the present practice of insurance offices has given encouragement, but the change will take place probably in the practice rather than in the law.

The Rugeley tragedy has given us new scenes. Another verdict of "Wilful murder" has been returned in the case of WALTER PALMER; a druggist's assistant having given evidence which corroborates the suspicion that prussic acid assisted the narcotic effects of excessive drinking, and that WILLIAM PALMER administered the poison with his own hand. PALMER has also appeared as a witness for the defence in an action brought against his mother on a bill of exchange for £2,000, written with his own hand. The bill purported to bear his mother's acceptance, and her signature "SARAH PALMER." In the Court of Queen's Bench PALMER admitted that the bill

was in his handwriting, but the signature, he said, had been forged by his wife, ANNE PALMER, who is "dead." According to this confession, therefore, ANNE PALMER is added to the number of her husband's accomplices; but PALMER's friends complain that the press has prejudged his case, and they are about to remove his trial by *certiorari* to a London court.

In the meanwhile, the example has not been unimitated; or rather, if we may believe the story, PALMER had a rival. THOMAS BULL HOLLAND, a surgeon at Salford, has told before the magistrate a strange story, how two men came to him as a medical referee to pass the life of the father of one of the men, MONOGHAN; how, while the men were with him, he was mixing some acetate of lead with water, and the younger MONOGHAN asked him if the same poison could not be so mixed as to avoid the milky colour; how, on that question, he instructed them to mix the poison with whisky, which remains limpid; and how MONOGHAN, the father, has since died, the son claiming the sum insured—£300. And this story are the Manchester magistrates examining, while Rugeley unfolds its moral for the edification of a censorious world.

THE WESTMINSTER IMPROVEMENT COMMISSION.—Some extraordinary revelations have come forth with respect to this corporate body, which was created by Act of Parliament ten years ago for the purpose of building Victoria-street, Westminster. The body had almost the character of a Government corporation, for it was endowed with an unrestricted power of borrowing money, coupled with grants out of the London Bridge Approaches Fund and the improved rates of the parishes in Westminster. The accounts were to be examined by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The corporation at length became involved; bonds were issued to builders, who advertised them for sale upon the lowest terms; and in January, 1855, the commission became totally insolvent. A meeting of the bondholders was called; a committee of investigation was appointed; and a petition has been presented to the House of Lords, and a bill of complaint filed in Chancery. It is asserted that the commissioners have incurred a deficiency of £100,000. They have since, as far as can be ascertained, put forth bonds to the amount of £1,030,570, of which they say £89,700 have been cancelled, leaving £977,050 as the amount in circulation on the 31st of December, 1854, when they stopped payment. Besides the means thus raised, the commissioners are alleged to have mortgaged the freehold property of the undertaking for £271,500. The present value is only £167,200; but it is thought that about £140,000 worth of the mortgages would be ignored by the Court of Equity, and it is calculated that the value of the street will be greater when it is completed. The commissioners are also accused of issuing bonds to a large amount without proper security; of issuing £58,000 worth within a few days of their insolvency; of making an undue charge for interest; and of executing preferential mortgages almost at the very moment of the stoppage. They are now selling bonds at the rate of about eight per cent.—a proceeding which will ruin many of the present holders; but it does not seem that the commissioners are amenable to any punishment.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—Eleven hundred and twenty-one deaths were registered in London in the week that ended on Saturday, January 19. The average number of deaths, corrected for increase of population, is 1,332 in the third week of January, which is the coldest week of the year, in the ordinary course of the seasons. The deaths were 211 below the average. 495 of the dead were children and young persons; 156 were of the age 20-40; 211 of the age 40-60; 217 of the age 60-80; and so few attain ripe old age in the present imperfect state of the public health, that 42 only were of the age of 80 and upwards. 264 persons of all ages died of small-pox, measles, scarlatina, hooping-cough, typhus, and other zymotic diseases. Hooping-cough and typhus are epidemic. 132 persons died of consumption, chiefly of the age of 20 and under 60; 26 of apoplexy, and 34 of paralysis; 191 of inflammation of the lungs and air tubes. 12 women died of childbirth.—Last week, the births of 817 boys and 827 girls, in all 1,644 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1846-55, the average number was 1,494. —From the Registrar-General's *Weekly Return*.

THE RIGHT HON. SPENCER HORATIO WALPOLE has accepted the office of Archbishop's Church Estates Commissioner, vacated by the decease of the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn. The income attached to the office is £1,000 a year.

THE WAR.

PEACE prospects have almost extinguished war facts. Russia has ordered an armistice; France has provisionally suspended the exportation of shot and shell; winter has countermanded active operations; and diplomats are doing their best to stop the threatened contest in the spring. According to the latest accounts, however, the firing continued on both sides of Sebastopol, though to but little effect. The blowing up of the docks is still prosecuted with vigour. The Allies, according to the *Journal de Constantinople*, have now 180,000 troops in the Crimea, besides 13,000 persons not belonging to the army; so that Russia has some reason to desire an avoidance of the murderous struggle that must ensue in the spring unless peace be concluded. The cold in the Crimea has considerably diminished.

The French General of artillery, Le Boeuf, has arrived at Kinburn. He has visited the fortifications and means of defence afforded by the flotilla, and has pronounced the place to be strong enough to resist any attack. An attack was apprehended about the 6th inst.; but none has been made. These apprehensions arose from it being stated that the Russians had 30,000 men in *echelon* between Petrosska and Otschakoff. The garrison of Kinburn has been reinforced by French troops. The flotilla is frozen in, but, it is said, would aid the defence, should the Russians attack. General Vivian is apprehensive of an attack on Kertch, and has therefore called for officers of infantry and artillery to be sent to him from Constantinople. The Russian armistice will render these precautions unnecessary for the time.

A few items of news from Asia are supplied by a despatch from Constantinople, which says:—

"General Mouravieff, after having destroyed the advanced works of Kars, has left a force in that place, and directed his march upon Gumri with the main body of his army. There were at Trebizon 15,000 Turks and Egyptians, the greater part of whom are on their way to the succour of Erzeroum. These troops endure all sorts of privations, and suffer extremely from the bad state of the roads, which are encumbered with snow."

Another despatch says that Omar Pacha is to take up his winter quarters at Erzeroum. He has been reinforced by the Egyptian division, and the Porte is constantly sending fresh troops into Asia, particularly Albanians.

Should hostilities continue, it is stated that the spring will see a corps of the allied army operating in Georgia under the command of Sir Colin Campbell. But these projects must for the present be held in abeyance till we know the results of the grand diplomatic "palaver."

THE FALL OF KARS.

General Vivian, according to the statements of the *Times* Constantinople Correspondent, was applied to by Lord Stratford to go to the relief of Kars with his contingent. He agreed to this, but, from inquiries which he caused to be made by General Smith, he found that he should want an addition of 2,000 men to the 8,000 he then possessed. The Turkish Government consented to place 35,000 or 40,000 men under General Vivian, who, together with Lord Stratford, expressed great willingness to attempt a diversion. The proposal was then sent home, and repeatedly urged; but the answer of the English Government was to stop all proceedings.

Another obstacle to the efficiency of the Turkish army has arisen from the working of the Loan Commission. Some of the conditions proposed by the commission did not suit the Turkish Government; and great delay was the consequence. In spite of these difficulties, which are still pending, the commission has taken upon itself, without any material guarantees in its hands, to pay the Turkish Government nearly a million of money, so that, with the £600,000 which the Rothschilds advanced, they have got £1,500,000.

WAR MISCELLANEA.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—The results of the recent meeting in London in aid of the Nightingale Fund have been communicated to the army in the Crimea, the members of which, of all ranks, have been invited to assist. The commander of the forces has given one day's pay. All the contributions are to be voluntary.

THE SEA OF AZOF.—Russian official accounts represent the Sea of Azof as being frozen for a considerable distance from the shore on the 26th ult.

HOW THEY MANAGE MATTERS AT ERZEROUM.—The whole system of administration here (Erzeroum) is corrupt beyond measure. It has a routine, too, which rides it like a nightmare, and, forcing one's way

through its red tapeism is like swimming through seaweed. Take one example out of a thousand. A young Magyar officer here in the Turkish service had twenty months' pay due. He applied for it to the Muchir, the Muchir referred him to the president of the Medjlis, or council; the president of the council passed him on to the commandant of artillery; the commandant of artillery to the sub-commandant; the sub-commandant to the chief of the staff; the chief of the staff again to the president, who at last recommended him to lay a memorial before the Medjlis, which being done, he, the chief Imam, or high priest, and I know not how many other wiseacres, put their heads together over the intricate claim, and at last came to the conclusion that, without committing themselves, they might allow the memorialist six out of his twenty, or rather twenty-two months' pay, for two months more had elapsed in inquiring how to get his money. The balance remains an outstanding debt, which he may amuse himself in memorialising for at his leisure during the next two years, but, let him manage as he may, there will be an arrear, and, if both parties live long enough, it will drag its slow length along till the millennium, when the Turks will most probably take advantage of the joyful occasion to cancel it altogether.—*Times Extraneous Correspondent.*

MID WINTER IN THE CRIMEA.—We have had a heavy snowstorm last night and this morning (January 4th). The fall has ceased, but the snow lies several inches deep on the plateau. On the white surface, the irregular collections of huts have something the appearance of groups of farm buildings, while the more distant tents, dingy in comparison with the dazzling whiteness of the ground, might be taken for heaps of hay or manure. On all sides, at the distance of about three-quarters of a mile, our horizon is limited by a haze a few shades greyer than the snow, and semi-transparent, so that figures are dimly seen walking within it. The wind howls drearily round the huts, but the snow lends light to the foreground, and the temperature is milder than it has been for the last few days—far milder than it was on the 2nd, a piercing day of frost, wind, and sleet. Fatigue parties, in their short fur-lined coats, their heads protected by those black sealskin caps the shape of which reminds one of pictures of Russian trappers, bring up firewood on their shoulders to the different commissariat stores, and a considerable amount of snowballing goes on among them in the intervals of their toil. Here and there carts move slowly through the deep snow, in which, hard by my window, some Tartar dogs are now disporting themselves, apparently quite in their element. The winter picture is complete, and not uninteresting. But it suggests a wish that the whole, instead of part only, of our army had more substantial shelter than tents against the sharp wind, the drifting snow, the bitter cold that will attend a return of frost, and the chilly floods which a thaw must inevitably bring. Well provided in most essential respects the soldiers certainly are—well clothed and well fed; but it seems strange that by this time they should not all have been huttet. Huts are getting up, however, with great rapidity.—*Times Correspondent.*

ISMAIL PACHA (General Kmety) arrived at Constantinople on the 3rd, and was still there on the 7th instant.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.—“Mr. John Ellwood, graduate of the Military Institute of Kentucky,” says the *Commonwealth*, of Frankfort, Kentucky, “has obtained a brevet of first lieutenant in the Russian army, through the medium of the Minister of Russia at Washington. He embarked on Monday last at New York, and is to proceed to Berlin, where he will await orders from St. Petersburg.”—The French paper, *Courier des Etats Unis*, calls attention to this fact as “a flagrant breach of neutrality.”

AN AWKWARD AFFAIR AT BALAKLAVA.—The second officer of the Star of the South, a large steam transport of 1,800 tons, in Balaklava Harbour, has been flogged by order of the Provost-Marshal, on a charge of drunkenness. The man denies that he was drunk, and, previous to the punishment, he requested a hearing—a request in which he was backed by his own captain, who was ready to speak to his general good conduct; but this was refused. He has since thrown up his situation. It is said that he stammers, and this may have led to the mistake, if mistake it were. A transport captain present at the flogging expressed his opinion that it was brutal treatment; on which he was threatened with the like if he did not go on board his ship. A correspondence has been entered into between the naval and military authorities.

THE BALTIC.—Two English war corvettes, which had entered the Baltic, have again left it and returned into the North Sea.

COLONEL SIMMONS, R.E.—We are pleased to be able to record that Colonel Simmons, the gallant and able coadjutor of Omar Pacha, from the first campaign of that General in Bulgaria to his recent brilliant operations in Mingrelia, has arrived safely in England, and has already had long interviews with Lord Panmure and Lord Clarendon.

THE WAR COUNCIL.—The Duke of Cambridge, General Della Marmora, General Airey, Sir Harry Jones, Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, and Admiral Dundas, arrived at Dover, on their return from the Council of War at Paris, in the Admiralty steam-yacht Vivid, Captain Smithett, at five on Tuesday morning, and proceeded direct to London by the express mail train.

THE PEACE.

No great progress has been made since last week towards the definitive conclusion of peace; but, as might be expected, a perfect flood of gossip has poured in from Paris, from Vienna, from Berlin, from the whole length and breadth of the continent. Some of these rumours and anecdotes may be repeated, together with the few substantial facts which have reached us.

Prussia is putting in her claim to praise, and is loudly asserting that the submission of Russia is her doing. It seems that when the King saw his Imperial friend and relation apparently pushed hard by Austria, he also joined the stronger side, and, by means of his envoy at St. Petersburg and by an autograph letter to the Czar, threatened to close the land frontier and shut up Russia. Frederick William was afraid of having his ports blockaded in the ensuing campaign. According to one account, he hinted that, should Alexander remain obstinate, Prussia would be obliged to resort to measures which she would regret. The truth appears to be that Russia was alarmed at the preparations for next spring, and at the possible adhesion of Austria. It is now whispered in high political circles that Russia is exhausted. The next campaign, moreover, might have been revolutionary. It is said on the continent that a project had been matured, with the concurrence of Austria, for erecting Poland into a separate kingdom with an Austrian archduke at the head; Austria to have been compensated by the Danubian Principalities, and perhaps with the nominal *suzerainty* of Turkey; the Austrian Italian Duchies (with the exception of Lombardy) to be given to Piedmont; and Finland to be restored to Sweden, at the price of the latter aiding us in the struggle.

Russia has ordered a suspension of hostilities in the Crimea; and France for the present will not slip any more *material* of war to the scene of hostilities. France, indeed, is evidently in favour of an immediate peace, and there are painful rumours of disagreements between ourself and ourselves, owing to our wish to exact very stringent terms. With the exception of the *Prés* and the *Sécu*, the French journals exhibit a strong anti-war feeling, and speak of England, with a certain lack of courtesy, as being “bound in honour” to accept the Austrian terms. M. de Morny is mentioned as the French plenipotentiary in the coming negotiations, the locality of which is not yet decided. That politician, however, is vehemently opposed to a continuance of hostilities, and not very friendly in his feelings towards England. It is to be hoped, therefore, that he will not be appointed. Among the romantic little tales common on occasions of excitement, is one to the effect that the Emperor Napoleon almost fainted on hearing of Russia's acceptance. Some “difficulty” with respect to the negotiations is hinted at; but whether it be at Paris, or Vienna, or London, is not known.

The Emperor of Austria first communicated the news from Russia to the company at a State ball; and the dancing was for a time arrested, in order that wonder might find a tongue. The Austrian journals have been ordered to express their confidence that the negotiations will lead to a treaty; and the *Donau*, for expressing doubts of their successful termination, has been seized and confiscated. It is plain, therefore, that Austria is opposed to a continuance of the war. Russia professes to have accepted the terms without reserve. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* says that, out of consideration for the general wish of Europe, Russia has not sought to impede the work of reconciliation by accessory negotiations, but that she hopes due account will be taken of her moderation.

M. de Budberg (the Russian representative at Berlin) has received a circular from Count Nesselrode, in which the Chancellor makes known to the representatives of Russia in foreign countries the motive for accepting the propositions of Austria, and gives an *exposé* of the intentions of the Russian Government in reference to the future negotiations. The circular declares that Russia has made concessions with a view to the re-establishment of peace, out of deference to the representations of friendly Powers, but not at all because her interest calls for the conclusion of that peace.

The Czar is stated to have remarked to an eminent diplomatist who was recently at St. Petersburg:—“J'ai les Allemands en pitié, les Anglais en haine, et les Français en admiration.”

A SENSIBLE SPEECH ON EDUCATION.

The annual meeting of the Dundee Industrial Schools recently took place, and was addressed by the Rev. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, who made an admirable speech on the subject of the kind

of songs and the class of books best fitted for the working man. Anything more sensible than its principle, more humane and honest than its intention, or more fresh and characteristic than the genial buoying of its expression, we never read. Mr. McLeod observed:—

“If we are to have singing, let us have good hearty Scotch songs. I was lately in a child's school, and took up a book of songs, and saw ‘Scots wha hae’ as the title of one of the songs. I was delighted at the expectation of hearing this noble Scotch song, and, to my astonishment, I found that the song was some inimitable twaddle. (Great laughter.) I turned to another, entitled ‘Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,’ and was again disappointed on finding that fine song banished, and another substituted, in which there was no poetry, not even prose, but wretched miserable twaddle. (Laughter.) If we are to have singing, let us have good hearty Scotch songs, such as those I may myself have sung, and may even yet sing. (Great laughter.) ‘See us the Arethusa,’ ‘Old Benbow’—(cheers)—something that will stir a man's soul, and not a horrid twaddle such as these songs. (Cheers.) Then, as to our libraries, there are two reasons why they don't succeed. We give to working men desperate dry books that we would not read ourselves. (Applause.) It is almost hypocrisy that a man should, at his own fireside, read one of Dickens's books, or one of Scott's novels, but the moment they come to the working man, they must not encourage him to read those books. Who does not rejoice, at his own fireside, if he can find time from the higher labours of life, to turn up his noble Shakspere and Milton, to read those noble men of old? Why not come forward then, and say to our working men, ‘Read these books!’ (Applause.) If we begin to put these dried and pick out the droughest, driest books, you won't have them to read. We are true to ourselves, let us be true to our fellow-men. And when you are honest in giving them a good wholesome library, such as you have read yourselves, you can come with more boldness and say, with regard to other books, ‘These are not wholesome reading! they are miserable, wretched novels, full of patry sentiment. Don't read these;’ and the man will believe you. Be a little more liberal, a little more wide in the books you give them. (Applause.) As regards your children, I wish I could feel now, in reading the best book that ever was written, the same intense enjoyment and pleasure as I did when I read ‘Bluebeard’ and ‘Beauty and the Beast’—(laughter and applause)—‘Jack and the Bean-Stalk,’ and ‘Jack the Giant-Killer.’ (Renewed laughter and applause.) The other day I began to read them again—(laughter)—and I was delighted with them. I will tell you why I read them again. I wanted to give them ‘translatingly’ to my children. I wanted them to enjoy what I enjoyed when I was young. (Applause.) What are you frightened for in giving these books to your children? I don't believe there is a man or woman here who remembers any book they read in youth and who do not recollect the pleasure with which those books were read. Very well; do you find they have done you harm? Do you look back with a grave face upon and injury they have done you? If you let them come into my soul like sunbeams. I have the deepest thankfulness that I have these books. Then give them to your ragged boys as well. (Applause.) Give them your good books; but, if you will have them interested, you must have a broader and more manly view about the books they ought to read.” (Applause.)

The speaker concluded by recommending those who are good readers to read aloud for the benefit of those who are not. Many a man, he observed, would rejoice to hear a book read, who would get little good if the book were left to him to read for himself.

There is something not a little amusing, and significant too, in the mingled “laughter and applause” with which Mr. McLeod's remarks were received.

MRS. PALMER AND THE FORGED ACCEPTANCE.

THIS case, which, from the fact of William Palmer, the supposed Rugeley murderer, being mixed up with it, excited the utmost interest, came on in the Bail Court (Court of Queen's Bench) on Monday. The action was brought by Mr. Henry Padwick against Sarah Palmer, as the acceptor of a bill of exchange drawn by William Palmer upon, and accepted by, Sarah Palmer for £2,000, dated Rugeley, the 3rd of July, 1852, payable three months after date, and endorsed by William Palmer to Mr. Padwick. Mrs. Palmer pleaded that she did not accept the bill. William Palmer, in the course of the year 1854, was in embarrassed circumstances owing to his bets on race-horses. Mr. Padwick advanced him £2,000 on the bill, and William Palmer paid a sum of £1,000 in reduction of it, and gave two cheques in payment of the residue. These were dishonoured. Mr. Pad-

wick, therefore, was a creditor for £1,000, for which he obtained a warrant of attorney, issued execution, and arrested William Palmer on the 12th of last December. During the time Palmer was thus in custody, he was removed from the care of the sheriff's officer and taken into that of the criminal officers. The defence was that the signature of Mrs. Palmer as acceptor was a forgery; and the principal witness in support of this was Mrs. Palmer herself. Her evidence is of sufficient interest to be given in full:

"I am widow, and am more than sixty. I saw this bill for the first time on Saturday last. There is not one letter in my writing. It is not my acceptance. I first heard of this bill on the 12th of December. No application had been made to me before for payment. I never gave any one authority to sign that acceptance for me. About three years ago, I accepted two bills for my son William. The two did not amount to £700. I had security for them. I never accepted so large an amount as £1,000."

Cross-examined.—"One that is not a forgery is not yet paid. I accepted one in favour of Mr. Buckstone, a grocer at Stafford. It was to oblige my son William. It might be seven or eight months ago. My son applied to me to accept it. My security, I dare say, would cover that. It was on real property in Staffordshire for £5,000 or £6,000. It was for advances of money made at different times. I did not know who the last bill was to be given to at the time. My son assured me I should not have to pay it. I have paid £260 towards it. I believe I never accepted more than three bills for him. I did not give a check in favour of Mr. Padwick for £1,000. I have banked for many years at Rugeley and Lichfield. In December, 1852, I did not give a check in favour of Mr. Padwick. My son George had all to do with the money. I don't know that I gave him a check for £1,000, payable to Mr. Padwick. I am sure as to whether I drew such a check. The whole of the money I advanced for William was £5,000 or £6,000, and it was upon the Lichfield Bank. It was advanced to him more than three years. Indeed, I do not know whose handwriting this acceptance is. These receipts are mine. I never was asked to pay on any other bill than the one on which I paid the £260. I have never given my son money to pay bills. He is indebted to me now. I don't know what he owes me. I have not made a calculation at all. I did not know a claim was made upon me for £1,000 upon a bill drawn by my son upon me. I never heard of it. I found the money to pay the bills I accepted; but I did not expect to be called upon to do so. I have not made promissory notes for my son."

Mr. George Palmer, and Mr. Thomas Palmer, sons of Mrs. Palmer, Sarah Palmer, her daughter, and various other witnesses, were examined to prove that the signature was not that of the defendant. William Palmer, who had been brought up from Rugeley, strongly guarded, was then put in the witness-box, and the ensuing conversation took place between him and Mr. Edwin James, counsel for the prosecution:—

"Take that bill of exchange for £2,000 in your hand. Is the signature to the drawing and endorsement yours?" "Yes."—"You applied to Mr. Padwick to advance money on that bill?" "I did."—"Who wrote the acceptance, 'Sarah Palmer?' "Ann Palmer."—"Who is she?" "She is now dead."—"Do you mean your wife?" "Yes."—"Did you see her write it?" "Yes."—"You may now retire." William Palmer then retired.

Mr. James immediately afterwards intimated that his client would withdraw from the case. Mr. Sergeant Wilkins (who conducted the defence) said he was bound to admit that Mr. Padwick had acted with great propriety, and Mrs. Palmer, accordingly, would not press for costs. The Sergeant, in his opening speech for the defence, alluded to William Palmer as the victim of "most infamous calumnies"—of "wicked, unconstitutional, and cruel attempts made for weeks past, by those who ought to be the protectors and guardians of our liberties and rights." He also reproved Mr. James for having alluded to Palmer's "catalogue of crimes," which, no doubt, was injudicious, considering that the accused is not yet tried. But Mr. Wilkins's pathetic appeals to public sympathy in favour of his client, as an injured and calumniated being, was equally uncalled for, and lies open to the extra charge of being simply ridiculous.

The appearance of William Palmer in the witness-box was in no respect singular. The vicinity of the court was densely crowded; but, owing to the exertions of a large body of police, the court itself was not inconveniently filled. A large number of persons waited outside to see Palmer brought forth; but a cab having been stationed at one door, as a sort of dummy, the prisoner was brought out at another door, and driven rapidly off in a vehicle which there awaited him.

A CROP OF MURDERS.

WIFE MURDER IN BATH.

JAMES HOWELL, a costermonger at Bath, has murdered his wife under circumstances of more than usual atrocity. The man lived in Avon-street—the St.

Giles's of Bath—a neighbourhood inhabited by the most desperate characters. He was thirty years of age; and his wife, who carried vegetables about the streets, had reached the same time of life. Four children had been born to them; but they are all dead.

In the course of last Saturday evening, the man and his wife had been drinking together at a public-house called the Seven Dials. They quarrelled; and Howell struck his wife a back-handed blow in the face. He afterwards left, and the wife went away with another woman. About midnight Howell returned to his room. Some lodgers in the adjoining chamber then heard him talking, apparently to himself. He muttered, "I will kill the —— cow; I will kill her. God strike me dead, I will do some mischief." The event showed that he did not speak idly. While he was in this mood, the wife returned, and said outside the door, "My dear Jem, have you come? Are you inside?" He answered, "Yes, I am. Where have you been all night?" The wife said she had been looking for him, but could not find him. Howell pushed her into the room, exclaiming, "I'll give thee something." The sound of two blows was then heard by the listeners in the adjoining room—a labourer named Brown, and his wife. Something fell heavily, and Mrs. Howell exclaimed, "Jem, you have killed your child, and you have killed me." The woman was pregnant and near her confinement. She added, "Jem, look about you, and see what you have done." Howell ran down stairs as fast as he could go, and his wife called out to Mrs. Brown, "Missus, for mercy's sake, come in to me." This request was acceded to; and Mrs. Howell said to her friend, "He has killed me," and screamed out. The woman Brown uttered an exclamation of "Murder!" and her husband, following her into the room, found the floor covered with blood, and Mrs. Howell prostrate in the midst of it. He was frightened, and, taking his wife away, called out to the neighbours and the police.

On leaving the house, Howell went to the residence of Mrs. Webb, a midwife; knocked up the landlord of the house, and, with many oaths, asked him to bring the woman out, or his wife would be dead before she got there. The man said she must have time to get her clothes on; but Howell, who seemed to be intoxicated, and who was naked with the exception of his trousers and boots, urged the midwife to make haste. Being frightened at his manner, she went half dressed. On the road, the man said, "Make haste along, and I've got a noggin of gin for you when you get there." When she arrived, Howell lighted her up stairs, and said, "You may take me, or do what you like with me; I don't care." The wife was then nearly dead; and, shortly after the arrival of medical men, she expired. A lacerated wound at the bottom of the abdomen had been inflicted, and she bled to death. The body was quite blanched. After her decease, the Cesarian operation was resorted to, and a male child was taken forth, quite dead. The probability appears to be that Howell kicked his wife in the abdomen; but of this there is no direct proof.

MURDER AT LIVERPOOL.—A girl, named Drummond, has been murdered at Liverpool by a ruffian with whom she had lived. The motive seems to be that he suspected her of having given information which led to the apprehension of some of his disreputable associates. Her head was nearly severed from her body; and Ferguson, the murderer, afterwards went into a public-house, and boasted that he "had done the business for his wench." When before the magistrates (by whom he has been committed for trial), he exhibited great dejection.

MURDER NEAR RICHMOND.—Mary Ann Peacock, a widow, and her child, have been found drowned in the Thames, near Teddington Lock. An inquest has been opened, and twice adjourned, but has not yet come to a conclusion. It would seem, from the details already known, that George Ford, the mate of a barge plying between Kingston and London, was paying court to the woman, and had some cause to be jealous of another man. About a week previous to the discovery of the body, he induced Mrs. Peacock, by threatening to stab her if she refused, to go with him on board the barge, and pass the night there. She went, together with her child, and neither were ever again seen alive. Ford, and a man named Jackson, the captain of the barge, are now in custody, and under remand.

POISONINGS AT MANCHESTER.—Poisonings, for the sake of deriving money from the deaths of insured persons, is fearfully on the increase. Four men—Thomas Bull Holland, a surgeon, James Monaghan, George Barry, and Edward Dunn—are now in custody at Manchester, charged with poisoning the father of Monaghan, whose life was insured for £300 in the Diadem Insurance Company, of which body Holland was the surgeon. The latter has turned Queen's evidence, and, on the examination before the Manchester magistrates, he was put in the witness-box, but prevaricated excessively. It appears that he told the other prisoners that mixing sugar of lead with whiskey would prevent its being detected, and he had several conversations with them of a kind which should have aroused his suspicions. The application to the in-

surance office, after the death of old Monaghan, was refused. The prisoners were remanded. Another case is under investigation at Manchester, in which two children, whose parents would be entitled to £25 each from a burial club at their death, are suspected to have been poisoned.

OUR CIVILISATION.

AN EPITOME OF ENGLISH "CIVILISATION."—The contrast is a strange one between the destinies of the little well-born, well-nursed, well-weaned, well-frocked, well-trousered, well-whipped, well-beLatined, well-beGreeked child of the wealthy and opulent, and those of the stunted, deformed, pallid, unclothed, unwashed, untaught little vagabond, whose father and mother have nothing to bestow upon him but thumps, kicks, and curses. The healthy influences which the rich can bring to bear upon their children are very numerous. There is the bevy of nurses—the coral, with its golden pearl of bells—Noah and his progeny in their stately ark—a dissected map of Europe—a French governess—a German ditto—admission to the dinner table at half-price, with oranges and *bon-bons* as the rewards of infantine virtue—Dr. Portly and the Catechism—a grey pony—Mr. Softly and the verb "I love," in the Latin tongue—the Rev. *Aeneas M'Whack* and the verb "I strike," in the original Greek;—Eton or Harrow—the Midsummer holiday at home in the old Manor-house, with the first glimpse at the divine Sophia, rising fifteen with the brightest eyes and the most captivating blushes;—Oxford with a good allowance—the continent with a larger allowance—the London Clubs with the largest allowance of all—a seat in Parliament, and some thousands a-year, more or less—and, to crown all, the identical Sophia of the schoolboy's dreamland converted into a portly matron in ruby velvet at one end of a rich dinner table, while the unfinishing gladiator in the school of all the virtues sips a glass of unexceptionable Burgundy at the other, and descants upon the frightful propensities of human nature, and the vices of the poor. So much for young *Hopeful*; now for young *Hopeless*. Born of a cadger and the heiress of a dog's-meat man in the back attic of a back street behind Clare-market, or haply in Bethnal-green; wrapped in a ragged disclout, his little lips placed at a breast which will yield little but adulterated gin; weaned over a cabbage-stall; untaught in any science save sharpness, and that sharpness the sharpness of London thieves; ignorant of any distinction between himself and the street urchins, save that he kicks the dogs, and the dogs bite him; familiar from infancy upwards with the choicest phraseology of blasphemy and obscenity; taken by his mother on Saturday night to witness the ceremony of pawnings the flannel petticoat and stolen kerchief at the sign of the Three Bells; well-grounded from his earliest years in the rudiments of picking and stealing—removed in due course to Mr. Fagin's Finishing Academy to practise on the mannikin with its larcenous bolls,—familiar with the police-court, in which he lisped his earliest public lie,—with a stall at the penny theatre, when he has succeeded in stealing the penny;—of his Sophia and of their courtship we dare not speak: the world is first made acquainted with the story of their loves when young *Hopeless* is placed at the bar charged with having smashed in the nose, blackened the eyes, broken the head, and fractured two of the ribs, of the object of his affections. Why pursue the dismal tale? The Quarter Sessions and the Assizes, the Hulks and the Penitentiaries, Norfolk Island and Calcraft, need not be painted in—Times.

THE ATTEMPT TO POISON A WIFE.—Thomas Robinson, a man who attempted to poison his wife with sugar of lead, has been committed for trial. It appears that he had made offers of marriage to a girl named Jane Timperley, to whom he represented himself as a single man. This was his motive for desiring to get his wife out of the way.

WOMAN BEATING.—John Jenkins, a bricklayer, has been committed to prison for four months for a brutal assault on his wife, whom he knocked down in a public-house, and kicked savagely. Before the Lambeth magistrate he blubbered a good deal, and said he was drunk at the time, or he should not have done it.—At the Clerkenwell police-office, a master shoemaker has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for an outrageous assault with a seick on his wife. The sentence would have been heavier, but for the intercession of the injured woman, who said there could not be a "better-hearted man," but that he had been ill lately and had got intoxicated.

THEIVING SOLDIERS' CLOTHING.—Solomon Goopertz, a Jew salesman in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, has been charged at Worship-street with being unlawfully in possession of a quantity of military clothing, the property of the Queen. No less than one hundred and fifty different articles were found on his premises by the police. The Jew asserted that he had bought them at the periodical sales; but this was evidently false, as some of the garments were new. He was therefore ordered to pay penalties to the amount of £41 4s. 6d.

A CORNISH RIVAL TO ALICE GREY.—Some linen

belonging to a farmer near Truro in Cornwall was recently taken from off a hedge where it had been put to dry; and, from information given by the servant, Jane Allen, and one or two circumstances of a suspicious character, a man named William Cook was arrested, committed for trial, found guilty, and sentenced to six months' hard labour. About a fortnight afterwards, another quantity of linen was missed from the hedge: this time, the inquiries which were instituted led to suspicion falling on the girl Allen herself. These conjectures being confirmed by the statements of a woman to whom Allen had taken some linen goods, the latter was arrested and taxed with the theft, which she acknowledged, and confessed that she had falsely thrown suspicion on Cook. She has been committed for trial. Cook's sentence will of course be remitted—that is to say, he will be "pardoned."

AFFRAY WITH MILITIAMEN.—An alarming riot between several members of the West Middlesex Militia and some Irish labourers occurred in the neighbourhood of Haverstock-hill on Saturday evening. One of the latter received a serious wound in the cheek, probably from a bayonet. The cause of the quarrel is not known. Some of the labourers sought shelter in a brewer's yard close by; and the combatants gradually left the field.

CHEQUE-MATED.—A gentleman was looking at a cheque for £26 19s. 2d., in the open street near the Mansion-house, when a man snatched it out of his hand, and ran off. The owner pursued, caught the thief, and gave him into custody. When brought up at the Mansion-house, the prisoner said "the thing was accidental;" but he was remanded.

SON AGAINST FATHER.—The son and heir of Sir William Hartopp has brought an action in the Rolls Court against his father. The son, who had been in the army, found himself, about a year before coming of age, in want of money. He wrote to his father's confidential solicitor, asking if he could suggest any means for raising money. The solicitor said that, if he would consent to a re-settlement of some estates in Warwickshire and Leicestershire, in which he was entitled to an interest on his father's death, as tenant in tail, the accommodation might be obtained. He consented to this, and an arrangement was subsequently made. But the son afterwards asserted that the terms were not conducive to his interests; that he was unduly influenced by his father, who acted with a view to his own advantage; that he did not understand the deed at the time he signed it; and that his father's solicitor interfered to a greater degree than was justifiable. He therefore brought his action. The Master of the Rolls ruled that the case failed; but, being informed that Sir William did not wish to insist on costs against his son, he dismissed the bill without costs.

SCIENTIFIC COINERS.—Some coiners have been arrested at Hackney. Inspector Brennan thus describes the coining apparatus which he discovered in the house:—"On the table I found a galvanic battery, charged with a solution of acid; two files, with white metal in their teeth, as though recently used: in a tumbler on the table was a battery plate, with wires to it, and dipped in solution, but the wires unattached. I also found a bag, containing plaster of Paris in powder, and in the cupboard a lid containing lampblack and grease, which I believe are used for polishing coin. I found four galvanic battery cylinders and a pipe, used for the purpose of ladling the metal, some of which now adheres to it; and I also found a bottle containing a solution for coating base coin, and a piece of a broken dish, with plaster of Paris still sticking to it. Altogether I discovered about three hundred pieces of base coin, of four different descriptions."

A MODEL MOTHER.—A girl of fifteen was charged at worship-street with robbing her mother. Only a few weeks ago she had been similarly charged; but, as it appeared that she had been driven to the theft by being left without food she was discharged. She once more, while acknowledging the theft, made the same defence; and from a cross-examination of her mother, this appeared to be true. The girl sobbed bitterly, and said her mother had driven her out of the house, and had told her to take her chance in the streets. Under these circumstances, she was again discharged, and the warrant officer was directed to bring the matter before the attention of the parish authorities. The mother, who had endeavoured to evade the questions put to her, was severely reprimanded by the magistrate.

GAROTTE ROBBERY.—A young man, named Edward Burn, has been charged, at Worship-street, with highway robbery and violence. Mr. Mackie, superintendent of Messrs. Terry and Son's steam-mills, Blackfriars-road, who lives at Mile-end, was returning home at half-past eleven o'clock at night, and, when close to his residence, suddenly felt a man's hand pass over his neck, and stop up his mouth. The next minute, he felt another hand in his waistcoat pocket. Owing to the pressure on his mouth, Mr. Mackie was unable to call for assistance, but he nevertheless struggled violently with his assailant, whom he struck at several times with his walking-stick, and at

length he succeeded in disengaging himself from his rasp. Mr. Mackie then seized the thief by his coat-tail, but, in so doing, the coat was torn, and the man ran away. Although much bruised and exhausted by the previous scuffle, Mr. Mackie raised an alarm, and ran after Burn; and a waterman at the Whitechapel cab-stand joined the pursuit. The thief was ultimately captured, though not until after a savage resistance, in which he attempted to gouge out the eyes of the waterman and to throttle a policeman. A blow on the head from another constable's staff at length subdued him. At the police-office, Burn denied the charge against him; and when police sergeant in court said that he had but recently been imprisoned for three months, and that, if he was remanded, he believed a former conviction could be proved against him, exclaimed, "Former conviction! Nonsense! There's nothing against me but that three months. I don't deny that—it's of no use; but since then I have been working at the docks." Mr. D'Eyncourt said that he should remand the prisoner for a week, when he would be committed for trial.

RED REPUBLICAN COUNT AND SWINDLER.—At the re-examination, on Monday, of Ernest Theophile Guignet, charged with defrauding Mr. Sleyfers and others of Paris, some revelations were made with respect to the gang of foreign swindlers with which the prisoner was connected. Their chief was a man named Barrabé, a native of Orme, who first set up as an oil merchant in Paris under the name of "Vrai pere Duchesne" in 1848. In 1851, he started a Californian Company, after turning Red Republican and advocating the use of the guillotine like Robespierre; and he succeeded in robbing a great many poor persons of their money. He afterwards established what was termed the "Black Band," which consisted of four different firms opened in Liverpool under the names "De L'Hunes," "D'Arcis and Co.," "Steinhart and Co.," and "Hallen and Co.," since which he had established a house in Bristol and adopted the title of "Count D'Alençon." In 1854, he was again found carrying on his operations in Walbrook-buildings under the name of "Cohen and Co.," in Broad street buildings under that of "Lipman and Co.," and up to the present time in those of "Duncan and Co., Dublin," and "Maurice and Co.," in Great Winchester-street, City. Barrabé met Guignet in Germany, and brought him to London to act as his clerk. The former then succeeded in obtaining goods to the amount of £10,000 and more, which he had forwarded to himself in the name of Duncan and Co., at Dublin, and some to Maurice and Co., London. From information obtained by Mr. Sleyfers (a commission agent of Paris, who had had dealings with "Duncan and Co."), that gentleman went over to Dublin and made Barrabé, *alias* Duncan and Co., a bankrupt. Barrabé had previously absconded. Guignet, when taken into custody, promised Mr. Sleyfers that, if he was forgiven, he would turn Queen's evidence; and he asserted that he did not participate in the profits. He was again remanded. Woog Javal, another foreigner connected with the case, was also remanded, but admitted to bail on the prosecutor saying he believed he was not mixed up with the frauds, and signifying his intention to abandon the charge against him.

A MAN NOT ASHAMED OF HIS TRADE.—Benjamin James, who on Tuesday was found guilty at the Middlesex sessions of stealing a watch, said on leaving the dock:—"I've got four years' penal; that I don't mind; but I've got it wrong, that's all. I'm innocent this time, anyhow. I've been a thief all my life, that's right enough, and am a thief still; that policeman knows it; but he took us wrong when this robbery was done. Why, that watch was stole twenty minutes before we went into Saville-house, as I know; so we didn't do it. I'd steal a dozen watches—two dozen, if you like, and if I'd half a chance; but, take my word, I didn't have that."

HIGHWAY VIOLENCE.—A grocer at Sheffield, while riding home along the Dore-moor-road, was attacked by two men having the appearance of "navvies," one of whom struck him over the head with a jagged cudgel, cutting open the skull to the bone; but it does not appear that he was robbed. The ruffians fled, and are not yet in custody.

THE LAD HOYLE.—This boy who was sent to prison for attending to his master's property, and shooting a pheasant to drive it from the crops which it was injuring, has been further punished by being dismissed from his place, and sent home to his father, who, with a small income, has a sick wife and family to support. The dismissal is sufficiently accounted for by the fact of the landlord of the boy's master being Mr. D'Aeth, one of the convicting magistrates.

ROBBERY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER AT LIVERPOOL.—The shop of Mr. Durandu, bullion-broker at Liverpool, has been the scene of a very desperate outrage. Robert and Henry Eyre, two brothers, watched the shop one morning until they saw the clerk go to fetch the cash-box from a jeweller's hand by, leaving a lad by himself in the place. They then entered, struck the youth on the head, and dragged him senseless into the back room. On the return of the clerk with the cash-box (which contained nearly £1,500), the ruffians attacked him with a poker. His cries of

"Murder!" brought the neighbours to his assistance, and the thieves were captured. They have been examined, and remanded for a week. The elder brother liegep starvation as their excuse. Their father is at present suffering imprisonment for a robbery.

ATTACK ON MR. CLARKSON, THE BARRISTER.—Mr. Clarkson was walking along the Baywater-road, about one o'clock in the morning of Thursday, when a man came behind him, put his arms round his neck, and, grasping his throat, attempted to throttle him. Another man then came in front of him, kicked him, and snatched away his watch, chain, seals, &c. Mr. Clarkson struggled, when one of the men called out to his companion, "Present your pistol at his head." They were at length shaken off, and Mr. Clarkson attacked one of them with his fists, at which he ran away. The other followed at finding that his victim next turned upon him. They ran down the Baywater-road; and one of them shouted, "Shoot him, and do for him." They then took up stones, and threatened to throw them. Mr. Clarkson once more attacked them, and they fled. Turning down a place where there was no thoroughfare, Mr. Clarkson again got up with them. At this point, a policeman arrived; but one of the men escaped. The other told the constable the direction in which he had gone, and he was pursued, Mr. Clarkson in the meanwhile guarding the prisoner till another policeman came up, by whom he was removed. On the way to the station-house, he resisted violently; but, the first policeman coming back after an ineffectual pursuit of the other man, he was secured, and the stolen property was found on him. He pretended that he had been helping Mr. Clarkson to protect himself, and he repeated the same story before the Marylebone magistrate; but he was remanded for a week.

THE MURDER IN BEDFORD-ROW.—The adjourned inquest on Mr. Waugh has terminated in a verdict of Wilful Murder against Weston, who has been committed for trial by the Clerkenwell magistrate. At the police court, a rambling letter from Weston to his victim was produced and read. It was dated Oct. 11th, and contained a threat against Mr. Waugh, whose life was said to hang on a puff of smoke. On account of this letter, Weston was bound over to keep the peace; and, two days before the murder, Mr. Waugh, seeing that he was dogged, near his residence in Baywater, by the accused, told a policeman to keep his eye on him.

DESERATE LADS.—Three cases of desperate assaults by youths came before the magistrate on Wednesday. Thomas Dennis, about fourteen years of age, having committed a robbery, was arrested by a policeman in the Victoria Theatre. The ruffian pulled out a pistol (envious, probably, of the feats of romantic villainy he had often seen on the stage before him), and snapped it in the officer's face; but it missed fire. He then levelled another pistol at his captor, and would have fired had not the weapon been wrested from his hand by a bystander. Having been examined at Guildhall, he was committed for trial. In the second case, Edwin Levy, fifteen years of age, was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment by the Bow-street magistrate for kicking savagely on the shin a policeman who endeavoured to arrest him for refusing to move on when seen in suspicious company. The third case (which was heard at the Thames office) was against Patrick Manning, an Irish lad of seventeen, who stabbed a waterman through the hand for demanding his just fare, of which Manning had cheated him. He was committed for trial.

THE RUELEY POISONINGS.—The inquest on Walter Palmer terminated on Wednesday evening, in the following verdict, which the foreman delivered after the jury had been absent two hours:—"We find that Walter Palmer died from the effects of prussic acid; and that such prussic acid was wilfully administered by William Palmer. We also append to our verdict the expression of our strong disapprobation of the manner in which Thomas Walkeden gave his evidence."

EMBEZZLEMENT AT LICHFIELD.—William Lawton, an old and infirm man, is in custody at Lichfield on a charge of robbing his employers, bankers, of £7,350. The money had been given to a woman, whom Lawton thought would shortly be receiving a large amount of property from which she could repay what had been feloniously lent to her. The offender, finding himself mistaken in this supposition, ultimately confessed the embezzlement to his employers, and was given into custody.

DIPLOMACY IN THE DESERT.

A SORT of supplementary act to the late Kaffir war has just been performed between the President of the little independent Republic on the Orange River, and Mosheh, chief of the Basutas. A conference with reference to cattle-stealing took place on the 5th of last October; Sir George Grey, the Governor of the Cape, being present.

Mosheh exhibited great diplomatic subtlety. "When the President speaks, and then asks for a reply," says an abstract of the interview in the *Times*, "Mosheh will say nothing until the Governor ex-

presses his opinion. Moshesh is highly pious and biblical in phrase, but not to be outdone in worldly shrewdness. He has, no doubt, profited much both from the teaching and example of the missionaries. 'Peace is the mother of all. I admire what your Honour has mentioned. I do not deny that some of the stolen things have gone in our direction. I do not know the best means of stopping it. Has the Governor no words of advice?' The Governor, however, would not interfere, and the President proceeded to urge his complaints. He said he could state the exact number of cattle stolen. Moshesh would be delighted to hear it. It was read, and a positive assurance required that such delinquencies should not be repeated. It would seem that the President's manner here became somewhat warm, and that Moshesh grew still more polite and sententious. 'The sword of the mouth is grievous.' 'We had better not speak any longer on these things. We came here on a friendly visit, and did not expect to dispute.' The President urges him to reply, and to state any grievance of his own. 'Not to-day,' says Moshesh. 'Let us go home; we can correspond by letter.' He stands on his dignity. 'Advice to a chief ought to be given in private, and not in public.' However, he is willing to hear, and the Governor delivers a lecture, in which he praises Moshesh for having raised himself to so high a rank and become the lawgiver of a most powerful nation. He hopes that the chief will 'raise his barbarians in the scale of civilisation,' trust to his own energies, avoid bad advisers, and leave off stealing cattle. 'We ought to praise his Excellency for his words,' is the cautious reply of Moshesh. He then consents that lists of the stolen cattle should be made out, and promises to lay them before the suspected delinquents; but he cannot bind himself to say that there shall be no more stealing, and concludes by preaching resignation to the plundered boors in a *Palme* text, 'We must by patience overcome evil.' On the whole, his Honour the President and his Excellency the Governor have got very little out of Moshesh.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

BIRMINGHAM ON THE INCOME-TAX.

A MEETING of the inhabitants of Birmingham was held on Friday week in the Town-hall, to take into consideration the present unjust operation of the income-tax. The principal speakers were the two borough members, Messrs. Muntz and Scholefield, who exhibited the unfair operation of the tax in weighing equally on the man with an assured income from property, and on him whose earnings are from his daily labour, and may cease at any time. They also alluded to the hardship of forcing a man to submit to be surcharged, or obliging him to lay open a statement of his private affairs before arbitrators who are often composed of his fellow tradesmen. Mr. Muntz denied, what would probably be asserted against them, that they wished to cripple the war resources, and thus bring hostilities to a premature conclusion. For himself, he had supported the war all along, and would resist any peace which would only give a little breathing time to the enemy, and oblige us to begin the contest again *de novo*. This remark was received with great cheering. Mr. Scholefield also spoke in favour of the war. With regard to taxation, he had always been in favour of direct taxation, but he could not uphold the excessive injustice of the income-tax as at present levied. A fair and reasonable distinction must be drawn between the two classes of income. The Income-Tax Association, by which that meeting had been called, insisted on capitalisation of income, as being the best mode of arriving at a just decision on the subject. But Mr. Scholefield said that he would accept from Government the best they could do, even if it were not a perfect measure. Finally, a memorial to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, embodying at great length the objections to the income-tax as at present levied, and a petition to the House of Commons to the same effect, were unanimously carried.

MR. BRIGHT ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A PUBLIC meeting of the inhabitants of Rochdale was held in the Town-hall on Friday week, for the purpose of hearing a lecture from Mr. Dymond, secretary to the Association for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, in favour of the principle advocated by the association. The attendance was numerous, and Mr. Bright, M.P., presided. After the lecture, Mr. Bright invited discussion, but, as no one manifested any desire to speak, he himself addressed the meeting. He recapitulated the chief arguments against punishment by death, and warned the public not to suppose that, because the custom is old, it is worthy of veneration; "for there is nothing so old as iniquity." He quoted the opinion of a policeman ("more intelligent

than many of that class"), that murders will never cease until capital punishment is put an end to. The policeman said that a man who had just committed a murder had been on the morning of the murder to see a man hanged at Newgate, and had afterwards said, "Why, it's nothing. It's but a kick, and it's over in a minute." Human life, asserted Mr. Bright, is more secure now than it was one or two centuries ago (though there is less hanging), because there is now more gentleness, courtesy, benevolence, kindness, and religious reverence. Speaking of the uncertainty of convictions, and the liability of inflicting death on the innocent, Mr. Bright remarked:—

"How much depends on jurors—on their calmness, their clemency, intelligence, clearness, benevolence; nay, to descend to lower causes of difference, look at the very condition of their health, their stomachs, their tempers, at the time. Then you have the judge. There have been cases of this nature that have been urged to a sudden conclusion—the judge did not wish to go further that night, or he did not wish to have the trial postponed or adjourned until tomorrow. Judges are men, notwithstanding that they have wigs and gowns. I know a good many of the judges, and have seen them on many occasions, and I'm sure they would be the last to deny that they would be affected by all those influences from which none of us are exempt. Then you come to the Home Secretary, and wish to make an appeal to him. He, too, is liable to err, with the most honest intentions, and is very varying in temper in the consideration of these cases. I have gone to many Home Secretaries in cases of this nature, and in many instances I have found that the convict has had his sentence commuted, and not been hanged; while oftener I have found cases, as far as I could judge, not nearly so bad, in which the punishment had been inflicted." Mr. Bright's address was received with much applause.

LETTER FROM PARIS.
(Extracts from a Private Correspondence.)

Paris, January 18.

THERE has, indeed, been no lack of materials of late. The entry of the troops (a real circus melodrama, I must allow, was a complete success, for *Chauvins* we are still, and *Chauvins* we shall be for a long time to come); the *reveille* of the students announced by the hisses bestowed on the drama at the Odéon (*La Florentine*), and upon the lectures of M. Nisard, who, some twenty-three years since, was one of the writers of the *National*, in company with Samle Beure, at the time when the *National* was conducted by Armand Carrel—the funeral of David D'Angers, and the overturé of Béranger, with the numerous arrests that followed.

But of all these evidences of opposition, the one that has most struck the Government was the attitude of the pupils of the Polytechnic School, at the cortège of the 29th December. The delegates of the Ecole Polytechnique had received from their schoolfellows an imperative injunction to maintain absolute silence. To those injunctions they were so strictly faithful, that, even as they passed beneath the balcony of the Emperor, they neither cheered nor even saluted their young sovereign. Their demeanour contrasted so strangely with that of the pupils of the Ecole de St. Cyr (*Ecole Militaire*), that it could not fail to strike all eye-witnesses, and the Emperor, extremely irritated at the demonstration, immediately gave orders to Marshal Vaillant, very much, I believe, against the Marshal's advice, to resume a project almost abandoned, for the division of the Polytechnic School into two sections; one portion, that which educates officers for military engineering, the navy, &c., to preserve its present denomination. The other, comprising the pupils destined to the civil service, to be fixed in an establishment hitherto conducted by private teachers, under the name of *Ecole Centrale*. These are the limitations to be acted upon; and if the project is carried out, the army will lose the *élite* of its resources. I will explain how. The civil situations, far more sought after than the military, were a prize offered to the competition of all the pupils of the school. To obtain them they made exertions which will now be considered superfluous, when no career will be open to them but the army, in which the most scientific are by no means those who succeed the best, and in which any *condottiere* who sticks at nothing and is troubled with no scruples, a St. Arnaud for instance, has a better chance of rising than their more intelligent, more conscientious, but less pliant comrades.

The *admonestation* to the Senate has astonished everybody. No one can pretend to have understood its meaning, but all consider it a *maladrese*, committed, too, with a premeditation that doubles its absurdity. The article was written, I understand, by

* *Chauvin* is an epithet made out of a proper name given in vaudevilles and melodramas, to the old *trooper* in retreat, who weeps over his moustache as he contemplates the picture of the *Grand Homme*.

Professor of the University (M. Pierron), who is often called in to supply the literary insufficiency of M. Mocquart, the private secretary of S. M. This article had evidently cost a fortnight's elaboration: it was printed at the Imperial Printing-office within closed doors, with sentinels stationed round the ateliers, just as the decrees of the Second of December were composed; and it was in like manner posted up at the corners of the streets. All this looked like a grand *coup* to be struck. Some said, "It is the first step towards the dissolution of the Senate: others, 'It is a hint to the Senate to declare for peace: others (and these are the most intimately acquainted with the special policy of the Emperor) interpret the matter as follows:—S. M. desires the Senate to give him without the trouble of asking more and more soldiers and money. The Senators are expected to take a run through the province on the plea of ascertaining the public feeling. On their reassembling at the Luxembourg they will offer, on behalf of France, to their glorious master an extraordinary levy, a supplemental tax, or a loan of a peculiar nature, a loan *sur cotés*; which means that every citizen according to his importance as a tax-payer, will hasten to lend to the State double or triple the amount of his annual quota of taxation.

Perhaps, on the whole, the last is the most probable conjecture. Only there is some hesitation in obtuse people's minds in understanding the method employed for *imposing* upon the Senate a *spontaneous* tribute of devotedness paid in advance, and which may be always reckoned upon until, at least, the keys of the coffers have changed hands. At all events the immediate effect of these public incitations is to degrade the Senate already fallen low enough in public opinion to the lowest rank of the dynastic *valets*. On the Senator's livery, already dirty enough, these *coups d'état* leave a stigma of dishonour that nothing can efface. The wretched members of the corps have scarcely dared to show their faces since they received the lashing. Merimée has disappeared from the saloons of Thiers, the Prince de Beauvau, usually an assiduous visitor at Lady Holland's, has vanished, &c., &c. In short it is a general rout, and a universal shout of laughter among the crowd of spectators.

The Senate is hissed like a St. Beuve and a Nisard.

THE RUGELEY POISONINGS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

RUGELEY, January 22nd, 1856.

It was in this room, then,—perhaps on this very spot—that a crime was committed now eighteen months ago. The room at that time was comfortably furnished; a handsome carpet covered the floor; the cold monotony of the walls was relieved by tolerable engravings; nothing, in short, was wanting that constitutes the idea of "comfort" in the vocabulary of a member of the middle classes, in easy circumstances. At a side table, suitably supplied with writing materials, sat a lady still young and fair to behold, though a sad and anxious expression seemed to have become almost habitual. Her face was deadly pale, her lips closely compressed, as with stern resoluteness she slowly traced, letter by letter, the name of Sarah Palmer. Leaning over her chair, and occasionally uttering a kind word of encouragement, might have been seen a stout, well-dressed man, seemingly about thirty years of age, whose open countenance and easy smile indicated *bonhomie*, but a *bonhomie* inspired by intense selfishness. The crime was forgery. She who committed the crime was not the real criminal. A wife was forging the signature of her mother-in-law, while that mother-in-law's son guided her trembling hand. A husband was teaching felony to his wife. Her only fault was loving him too well: for woman's love is man's opportunity—because she trusts, he is able to betray. But her conscience, a female will say, should have preserved her from violating the laws of her country. Her duty to her husband should never have clashed with her duty to her God. She knew that it was wrong, and ought therefore to have withstood the temptation, though her husband's anger and even his ruin might be the inevitable consequence. Chill moralist, forbear; first listen to a tale that should move you to pity, not to scorn.

Anne Thornton was the daughter of a retired East India officer residing in Stafford; her mother was his housekeeper and mistress. Mrs. Thornton was a low, vulgar woman, often yielding to fits of ungovernable passion. The old colonel, evidently a man of feeble mind, though strong appetites, would flee from her anger to a neighbouring tavern, and there seek refuge till the storm had blown over. Not unfrequently, however, she would track him to his retreat, and drag him home in ignominious triumph. Indeed, as it is naively remarked down here, "he might as well have been married." Amid such scenes as these, under the care of such parents, did the gentle and delicate Anne pass her infancy and childhood. One night her father was found lying dead upon the floor—a recently discharged pistol by his side. From that hour her mother shuddered at darkness. She would sit up all night, and only laid down when the dawn

was breaking. Dr. Knight, the young lady's guardian, no doubt did all that could be demanded from an affectionate zeal. No doubt Miss Thornton learned to strum the "Battle of Prague" on the piano, and was equally skilled in the niceties of oriental tinting. No doubt she waltzed to perfection, and gracefully kicked through the evolutions of the lately imported polka. No doubt she was curious in embroidery, and in the knitting of silk purses and hair watch-guards. No doubt, also, she knew something of English history, the geographical position of metropolitan towns, the rule of three in arithmetic, enough French to decipher "Charles XII," and the various denominations of stitch from "herringbone" upwards. All this she may have learned, and much more—in short, everything that pertains to a "gentle education." But, in all human probability, she had been taught no social duty, nothing that could fit her for the realities of life. At the same time that she was made painfully aware of her own false position as an illegitimate child, and habituated to look upon herself as an outcast, a being of an inferior order, one who should be deeply grateful to any man who would bestow his name upon a creature unrecognised by the laws, and tainted from her birth. Then, her first love was unpropitious, as happily it usually is. But the fountain of that great deep, a woman's heart, had been broken up. The ark of her existence now drifted to and fro, recklessness at the helm, and hope in the hold, until the waters of disappointment decreased and the keel grated on the strand. Her mountain of Ararat was William Palmer. Thenceforth he was her polar star. To him she implicitly yielded in all things. She only lived that life might be sweet to him. At times, indeed, her woman's instinct shrunk from his sporting companions. Kind, generous, and hospitable to all others, she would invent a thousand excuses to prevent his racing friends from sleeping in the house. Compelled to lodge in the humble hostilities of Rugeley they soon took their departure, and the true English wife smiled in her heart at her own inhospitality.

And at the time when the alleged forgery was perpetrated, Mrs. William Palmer bore in her womb a pledge of their mutual love. Three babes already reposed beneath the green turf of the churchyard. Perchance, that summer's evening they had strolled forth together into the pleasant garden behind the house. The flowers of an English July offered up their even-song of sweetest fragrance; the birds on the topmost boughs were twittering themselves to rest: the murmur of the distant mill-dam, the hushed sounds of human life sinking into sleep, came borne upon the breeze that sighed beneath even this light burden; the moon smiled, clear and sad, like an aged matron upon youthful lovers, as husband and wife stepped forth upon the gravel walk and bowed to the genius of the hour. Perchance, he gently alluded to their bereavements, tenderly hoped that yet another babe might be given to gladden their latter days, then darkly shadowed forth his fears for the future, hinted something of present embarrassment, suggested that extirpation was easy—but it rested with her alone, and he knew she would not consent. Alas! there was no Ithuriel's spear at hand to make the vile temptation assume its own loathsome form. There was no "Voice walking in the garden in the cool of the day" to make them ashamed and cause all evil thoughts to hide themselves in fear. Who shall blame the poor deluded wife, if then she fell? Who would not rather shed a tear to think that as she laid ill in bed, dying of poison, her last hour may have been embittered by the awakening suspicion that she had erred that summer's eve, when she seated herself at that side table in the room below? But did she commit that crime? Her husband has sworn to the fact. Villain as he may be, he is too calm and self-collected to waste a crime. There was nothing to gain by the accusation. If his wife did forge his mother's signature, it was by his direction and for his benefit. His own position was in no way improved. Indeed, he would have done far better to have taken the guilt upon himself. A reaction had already set in in his favour. People said, "This man is run down by envy and malice—he is the scapegoat of the neighbourhood sent forth into the wilderness of society." There were some, too, who flippantly declared that he had well-nigh redeemed his other crimes by the great moral lesson he had read to mothers-in-law who would settle themselves upon their daughters' husbands. And then, as if to extenuate their gratitude, they declared that old Mrs. Thornton had died of disease, and appealed to their neighbours whether she had not been long ailing before her removal to Rugeley. But now all are united in one common outburst of execration. They will not believe him upon the most solemn adjuration. They say that his own handwriting was small and feminine, and that it would have been no arduous task for him to imitate his mother's signature. It is not your correspondent's duty to decide on such a difficult point—he merely tells the tale as it was told to him.

Rugeley, Jan. 23.

William Palmer has been found guilty of the wilful

murder of his brother Walter. This is the third verdict passed against him. Two successive coroner's juries affirm upon oath their deliberate conviction that he has poisoned his friend, his wife, and his brother—all within the space of fifteen months. The chemical analysis of the viscera, &c., of John Parsons Cook failed to discover any vestiges of poison. But the servant-girl who attended him in his last illness deposed to screams and convulsive spasms, which medical men of the highest eminence pronounce to be the result of strychnine. Venerable Dr. Bamford had prescribed nothing more fatal than morphine, and that in a quantity utterly innocuous. And he displayed bottles still more venerable and patched up than himself to show that he could not have made an accidental mistake of the drugs. Then, there was a motive for Cook's destruction. He had received £700 at Shrewsbury, he was entitled to £1,000 more in London. What has become of this money? The London settlements were effected by William Palmer, but the Shrewsbury payments still remain a mystery. Moved by the strange suddenness of Cook's death, the positive evidence of Dr. Taylor as to the administration of poison, and Palmer's interest in his removal, a coroner's jury brought in a very reasonable verdict against the latter.

Suspicious being thus roused, the bodies of his wife and brother were exhumed, opened, and examined. In the former case death was shown to be the result of saturation by antimony. This medicine had been improperly exhibited. Of that there could be no doubt; but who was to blame? Might it not have been an error of judgment? Both Drs. Bamford and Knight had been called in—both honourable men, both above eighty. These patriarchs of the healing art ordered saline mixtures and other harmless abominations, but their patient escaped from their hands. Anne Palmer died, and William Palmer took the sacrament. He seemed "much put about," says the nurse; "he seduced me," says the maid-servant. Certainly, nine months afterwards she was confined in her master's house; his last note, one of the Bank of England for £50, he forced into her hand as the police were halting him to prison; and she is again expecting to be a mother. But there was a far stronger motive for desiring his wife's death than mere satiety. Her life was insured in his favour for £13,000, which has since been paid to him. And he now further declares that she had forged his mother's acceptance for £2,000, of which sum only a moiety has yet been paid. It is possible that by misrepresentations, threats, and cajolery, he may have induced her to commit this crime, or she may have been innocently tricked into attempting the imitation on a blank piece of paper. But, assuredly, nothing would ever have induced her to forsake herself; and thus an intractable witness has been disposed of. On these grounds a second jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against William Palmer.

The third case presented greater difficulties. His brother Walter was a confirmed drunkard. So far back as 1852 he had been under medical treatment; and again, in 1854, he was suffering from enlargement of the liver, and extreme irritability of the stomach, together with dropsy in the legs, and inflammation of the right kidney. He had also at one time a severe attack of *delirium tremens*, under the influence of which he attempted to cut his own throat. Notwithstanding all this, satisfactory certificates were given by medical practitioners of good standing, and insurance offices were induced by present greed and hope of future immunity to grant a policy on his life. The amount was £13,000, to which no objection appears to have been made, though professedly intended to cover an advance of only £400. From this period it is not easy to speak with any degree of certainty. It is clear that a fellow named Walkeden was at least permitted to incite Walter Palmer to indulge in alcoholic spirits, which everybody must have seen would terminate in the death of the latter. Walkeden himself avowed, without hesitation, that he had always supplied his master with as much gin as he chose to order. On no occasion does he pretend even to have remonstrated with him. After the second day of the Wolverhampton races, Walter Palmer is stated to have drunk inordinately for about six and thirty hours, when he was suddenly seized with apoplexy, and in twenty minutes afterwards was a corpse. His brother William opportunely arrived to close his eyes. Walkeden affirms that he had not been in the house before, since Saturday or Sunday; his own diary reports a daily visit to "Walter, who was very ill." A medical gentleman, named Day, who had attended him for some little time past, was called in, but arrived too late to do more than certify that his patient died from apoplexy. A post-mortem examination, at a later period, confirmed this view of the case, and all Dr. Taylor's sanguine skill failed to detect the presence of poison. Thus far the evidence went no further than to prove death by apoplexy, produced by excessive drinking. The insurances might escape, but the ulterior ends of justice would not be vindicated. Then Mrs. Walter Palmer deposed that William had assured her that her husband had

burst a blood vessel after several days' delirium, and that his corpse was too horrible to behold. This looked suspicious, coupled with the fact that the body was inclosed in a lead coffin without any apparent reason for the deviation from ordinary practice. One Myatt now appears on the stage,—the poppy-headed "Boots" at the Junction Hotel, Stafford. This lout,—who has much the appearance of a certain hybrid purple-top turnip, coloured engravings of which illustrate our railway stations,—pretends that he never sleeps, that sleep makes him ill. He never was awake. His mother slept while he was born; he was born asleep. He is himself a rustic Morpheus. He who looks him in the face straightway grows drowsy, calls for slippers, and begins to nod. Every five minutes in the day, every three minutes in the night, a train arrives at Stafford or departs therefrom. "Boots" was never known to miss one. He somnambulates from the station to the inn, from the inn to the station. In the house he has ever a pair of slippers, or of shoes, in his hand; on the road his legs only appear from beneath a load of carpet-bags, railway rug, and umbrellas. To this strange being Wm. Palmer entrusted two bottles of medicine, which he carefully stowed away in his clothes box. After a time Palmer asked for them, and withdrawing the cork from one, poured in something from a very tiny phial. This operation was also observed by Mr. Lloyd, the landlord, a worthy in a permanent state of astonishment; otherwise appalled in black, with a shirt frill projecting in front, and having altogether the air of a very indifferent butler. He saw Palmer in the act of pouring a colourless liquid out of an almost invisible bottle, and then shake up the mixture. This was previous to Walker's death. Soon after that event, Mr. Deane, the solicitor, and Field, the un-detective, came down to Stafford and made some inquiries as to Walker's death, and also touching George Bates, Esq. This came to William Palmer's ears, and he forthwith interrogated the sleepless One as to what had passed between him and the strangers. A snore being the only response, he offered his humble friend a glass of Mr. Lloyd's best British cognac. "Boots" drank of it, and was sick unto death. He attributed his illness to the B.B.—or rather to something introduced into it: probably, he had not witnessed the tragic exit of "Dinah" on the boards of the "Haymarket," from similar indulgence. But whence came that invisible bottle with the colourless liquid? The curtain now rises upon another debutant in this eventful drama.

In the market-town of Wolverhampton there dwells one George Whyman, an apothecary's apprentice. This youth once heard a Scotch drover, who had picked up a smattering of "Humanity" at a village school in Aberdeenshire, declaiming about a certain philosopher who fired an ancient fane as his passport to the temple of fame; nor did he forget to name that other blockhead who leaped into the burning crater. George himself had seen a fly in amber. From that moment he was possessed of a fixed idea. He too would be a fly in amber—at least, his statue in wax should be erected in Madame Tussaud's gallery of Contemporary Notabilities. Fortune smiled upon his ambition. William Palmer bought prussic acid of George Whyman. George quietly divulged the secret. It spread abroad. George was summoned to give evidence to hang his customer, who had paid him 1s. 9d. Alas! the excitement proved too much for George. He grievously contradicted himself. He did not remember whether Palmer came to him in the race week or the week before, but he was certain that it was the race week. He had never mentioned the circumstance to any one, but he had told it to Mr. Deverell, of the Pack-horse, two months ago. He had not even hinted the thing to his employers, Messrs. Mander and Weaver, but he had informed Mr. Mander. "You may go down," said Mr. Smith, sternly. "Go to!" cry Messrs. Tussaud, scornfully. Poor George will neither be embalmed in amber nor made a man of wax. But the jury were nevertheless satisfied of the general correctness of his statement; for the books record the sale of the poison to William Palmer on the second day of the Wolverhampton Races.

Dr. Taylor now modified his former statement. He much doubted if apoplexy would prove fatal in so short a space of time as twenty minutes, unless there were some disease of the heart. A moderate dose of prussic acid, say half a teaspoonful in two tablespoonfuls of brandy, would not be perceptible to the sense of smell, but would cause death within half-an-hour. Brandy had been administered to the deceased, for Mr. Day was sensible of the odour about his mouth. Had prussic acid been mixed in this? Perhaps Walkeden could tell? But will he? Dr. Rees was somewhat more guarded than his colleague. Perhaps he entertains a more favourable view of mankind, and has no pleasure in detecting poison. The jury began to look more benignant. There was at last some chance of a conviction. Let a motive be shown for William Palmer's disposal of his brother. An hysterical lawyer, *credite posteri*, is now put into the witness-box. Clasping his head, burying his face in his hands, with tears striving to issue from his eyes, and a gasping voice, he implores the good gentlemen

not to ask him anything about that policy. He is still very young, his wife also is very young, and his three children are younger. He is a ruined man. His practice is taken from him. He has lost £4,000 by William Palmer. At length his emotion moderates. No one offers sal-volatile, but the atmosphere of the room is sufficiently pungent. His legal bottle-holder, a Mr. Vallancey Lewis, his friend, though an attorney, imparts courage to the witness, who finally deposes that he holds William Palmer's assignment of a policy for £13,000 effected on the life of his brother Walter, and that this assignment was made previous to Walter's death. Of course, the statement about the loss of £4,000 only excited a smile, though perhaps Mr. Pratt only intended to say that such was about the amount he would ultimately have squeezed out of his client. However this may be, the jury were now quite satisfied. For some time they been staggered by the fact that Walter Palmer had died in twenty minutes with only two medical men in attendance, though many persons, it is said, have been known to linger, if not to survive, when even three doctors were present. But now all their doubts were dispelled. The coroner summed up succinctly and impartially. The jury then withdrew, but one "uror stood out for two hours and eight minutes. At last, they again came into court and pronounced a verdict of Wilful Murder against William Palmer, as having administered prussic acid to Walter Palmer, so as to cause his death. They further expressed their disapprobation of the manner in which Walkeden had given his evidence, but highly approved of the conduct of Capt. Hatton and the Staffordshire constabulary in bringing forward the last two cases. And, in conclusion, they thought that an application ought to be addressed to the Home Government for some indemnification to be made to the landlord of the Talbot Inn, where the bodies were opened: for people now foolishly shun that tavern as if it were plague-stricken, albeit there is no offensive smell nearer than the opposite churchyard, and the tap is excellent. When the Foreman had ceased, up started Superintendent Bergen, and thanked the jury for the compliment they had paid to Capt. Hatton and the constables of Staffordshire, who had only done their duty, and would always do their duty, and thought it their duty to do so. He must also beg to inform them that it was in contemplation to have a public dinner at the Talbot Inn to commemorate the frightful scene exhibited in the Commercial-room of that hostelry, seven feet by five. No doubt Mr. Spitzerberg will favour the company, after pipes are introduced, with the fashionable melody of "Hot Cod-lins."

Perhaps it may not be amiss to allude to the coroner's opening address to the jury this morning. He said that the metropolitan weekly papers had spoken disparagingly of Rugeley and its inhabitants; nor had they spared himself; but when the proper time arrived he should be fully prepared to vindicate his conduct in every respect. His red hair bristled as he spoke, rubescent flames flashed from those pinky eyes, and the mantle of the immortal Pecksniff visibly descended upon the shoulders of the much-injured but long-suffering little man.

The jurors roared applause, the chawbacons joined in chorus, and the Town-hall trembled to its foundations, like the mighty Olympus when great Jove shakes his ambrosial locks. Indeed, it was a service of some danger for any "gentleman connected with the press" to show himself in the street to-day. A certain illustrated paper of some importance in the world of journalism has given the most dire offence. The antique and curiously-carved landlord of the Talbot Arms, who has been in that house now seventy-four years as man and boy, vows that he will duck the recreant correspondent in the nearest horse-pond; and one gentleman with a well-shaven face, black and curly whiskers, being mistaken for the offender, well nigh came to grief.

Local rumours point to a fresh exhumation. It is whispered that the body of Mr. Leonard Bladen is to be taken up and examined, though he died nearly six years ago. It appears that he had accepted the odds against "Voltigeur," forty to one, and became the winner of a large amount. The tickets were duly paid when presented, but it is not known by whom they were presented. The exhumation, however, will not clear up this mystery, and it is to be hoped that Sir George Grey will not sanction any further proceedings of the kind. The jury would take up the whole churchyard.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

THE arrival at Marseilles of the despatch announcing the adoption by Russia of the Austrian *ultimatum* produced quite panic in the corn market. Wheat fell four francs the hectolitre, and few purchasers were to be found even at that reduction.

The Municipal Council of Marseilles (says the *Times* correspondent) are about to accomplish some improvements in that hitherto neglected city. They announce that they will shortly confer on the town

one hundred public clocks, which are much wanted. It will scarcely be believed in London that there is not a public clock at the Marseilles Post-office. An audacious robbery was committed on Friday night last at the Hotel de Ville. The robbers forced the door of the cash-office, and succeeded in opening the iron safe with false keys. They extracted from it 136,000 francs in bank notes and gold. A considerable sum in silver, and a number of bonds and other securities, were untouched. No trace of the thieves has as yet been discovered.

Lord Cowley has distributed to a small number of French naval and military officers the Order of the Bath bestowed by the Queen. Sir Colin Campbell, Sir A. Woodford, and Colonel Claremont, were present at the Embassy on the occasion.

AUSTRIA.

The blight and ban of religious differences are being called into active existence in Austria by the Concordat. A Roman Catholic in Hungary was about to marry a Protestant girl, who desired to have the ceremony performed according to the rites of her own church; but the bridegroom's Romanist priest refused his consent, because, according to the Concordat, any papistical bridegroom, who should "be induced by love to dare to enter into a matrimonial engagement in open contempt of the Catholic laws, would be guilty of an illicit and impious act." The contest between the secular and the ecclesiastical authorities, as to the interpretation and working of the Concordat, continues, and may in time lead to bad blood. The *Gazette de Milan*, the official organ of the Austrian Government in Lombardy, published under the title "Disputes relative to the Concordat," an article formally condemning the Circular of the Archbishop of Milan, and indicating that the Government will take no more heed of this Circular than it deems convenient. In the same article, the pretensions of the Archbishop on the subject of the press and education are very curiously repudiated. Marshal Radetzky, Governor-General of Lombardy, has also issued an ordinance which quite annuls the episcopal decree.

A letter from Vienna, in the *German Gazette of Frankfort*, says:—"The Minister of Public Instruction has invited the bishops of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom to retract the orders of censure which they had issued, and to await, for the execution of the articles of the Concordat, the decrees of the Government."

PRUSSIA.

Within the last week or so, a pamphlet has appeared at Brussels, entitled *La Ligue des Neutres*, in which the author endeavours to show that all the concessions hitherto made by Russia are due to the pacific steps of the neutral Powers, among whom Austria is included. The moral of the work is, that, by the mediation of the neutral Powers, Russia has been brought to concede everything that virtually secures the attainment of the original objects of the war, and that they ought now to enter into a league to protect each other against the pressure which is being put upon them by the belligerent Powers to compel them to take part in the war. For the present, since the receipt of the pacific news from Russia, the novelty of the week has become obsolete; should the approaching negotiations not result in peace, it will re-appear an interest.—*Times Berlin Correspondent*.

It is generally denied in Prussia that the bearing of England towards that country has lately been extremely imperative; that she has threatened to blockade the ports, and thus force Prussia to join the war; or that she has refused to admit the representatives of Frederick William to any future conferences.

DENMARK.

The conferences on the Sound Dues were opened on the 4th inst. The special plenipotentiary for Russia was the celebrated statistical author, M. de Tengborski, who expressed an unwillingness on the part of Russia that the Dues should be abolished. A general view of receipts from 1840 to 1847 being required by some of the plenipotentiaries, the conferences were adjourned to the end of the month.

The King of Denmark has announced that his marriage with the Countess Danner is "for the present and for the future morganatic."

It is thought that the charge of high treason against the late ministers will be quashed.

ITALY.

In defiance of the prognostications of the merchants of Genoa, to the effect that that city would be ruined by the war with Russia, trade, for the most part, has been flourishing. Owing to the demand for transports, the shipping trade has been benefited. The harbour of Genoa says a writer from the spot, is now nearly as full as ever of deep sea-going ships. The arrivals of grain, however, during the past year, have been comparatively small.

The Sardinian budget for the extraordinary expenses of the Crimean expedition has just been published in the form of a blue book of very respectable dimensions. It comprehends the calculated expenses of the military and naval departments from the commencement of the war to the end of 1856, which are put down at 74,239,532 francs. 67c.—that is to say, mili-

tary department, 62,863,131 francs; naval department, 11,376,401 francs. 67c. The force which left for the East was fixed by Royal decree of March 31st, 1855, at 17,603 men—i.e. 1,034 officers and 16,569 soldiers; but, in order to supply casualties in this force, which on the 10th of November last mustered 17,584, it was evidently necessary to increase the establishment of engineers, artillery, cavalry, commissariat, and wagon train. Cholera and fever have mowed down many victims. The total deaths from the 26th of June to the 31st of October were 1,632, divided as follows:—Cholera, 1,211; typhus fever, 170; wounds, 30; divers maladies, 221. Of this number, 58 were officers; 1,563 non-commissioned officers or soldiers, and 13 civil employees. The loss of horses and mules in six months was 232 horses and 116 mules out of total of 3,659.

The debate on the proposed loan of 30,000,000 francs, to meet the extraordinary expenses of the war budget, commenced on the 14th inst., and terminated on the 18th in a vote of 108 in favour of the loan, and 29 against it, in a house of 137. M. de Revel having proposed a division of the loan into two separate votes, one of 24,000,000 for the army, and another of 6,000,000 for the interior, Count Cavour accepted that division. The proposition was then put to the vote; but it was only supported by six or seven members of the extreme right, and was consequently lost.

Priestly prudery has been performing a grand act of purification at Naples. Certain pieces of sculpture which have long adorned the public gardens and the Museum—sculptures representing the Rape of the Sabines, the Rape of Proserpine, the Venus Vincitrix of Capua, and one or two other Venuses—are to be removed. The morals of Naples—so, it is to be presumed, the priests argue—are so entirely unexposed to other sources of corruption, that it would be a pity to let this one remain. The pet British morality of the fig-leaf is certainly here surpassed.

SPAIN.

Several ministerial changes are now taking place in Spain. All the ministers resigned, excepting Espartero; but O'Donnell and Brull have returned to the departments of War and Finance. Senor Luxan will have the Ministry of Public Works, vacated by Senor Alonso Martinez; Senor Escozura, the Home Department, in place of Senor Huvels; and Senor Arias-Aria, Justice.

The Cortes, on the 17th inst., rejected the vote of censure on the Ministry by a majority of 152 to 57. The parliamentary committee is favourable to the Credit Establishment proposed by some Spanish capitalists.

TURKEY.

The *Journal de Constantinople* has a long paragraph about the construction of a canal from the Danube to the Black Sea, setting forth all the advantages to be derived from such an undertaking. The Imperial firman, which grants the right of constructing this canal to a company formed by some financiers of London, Paris, Vienna, and Constantinople, was signed on the 4th of January.

The electric telegraph, which the Turkish Government proposed to construct, and which, passing from Schumla and Roustchouk to Bucharest, was to join with the Vienna line, has been abandoned, and a line will now be constructed by Adrianople to Belgrade, with branches to Salonica and Cattaro, thus connecting all the provinces of European Turkey. The construction of the original telegraph was granted to Messrs. De la Rue and Black; but there has been some disagreement with these gentlemen, and they have been paid an indemnity to retire. Another project is for a line from Constantinople to Alexandria.

The 9th of January was the first night of the French company at the theatre in Pera: every seat and place was taken before the doors were open, and crowds waited outside. A slight disturbance in Pera threatens unpleasantness between the English and French officers. The commandant at Scutari has issued an order for no officers to quit that place for Pera without permission.—*Daily News*.

RUSSIA.

The doctors have pronounced the case of Prince Paskiewitch (cancer of the breast) to be hopelessly incurable. Baron Klotz, nevertheless, tries magnetic treatment. Prince Gortschakoff, Prince Woronoff, M. Kisselef, and Count Krasinsky are severally mentioned as his successors. Again, it is said, that the Archduke Constantine will take the government as viceroy; but many think no viceroyalty will be maintained.

NAVAL AND MILITARY NEWS.

THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT DENNEHY.—With reference to the unfortunate naval officer, sentenced to death for cowardice, the *Cork Constitution* says:—"We understand a letter has been received from an authority high in the Admiralty, in reference to the case of Lieutenant Dennehy, in which it is stated that the entire facts of the case were not before the public; however, the Lords of the Admiralty had committed the extreme punishment to transportation for life, which the unfortunate officer will have to

undergo. His father, a veteran officer of the navy, is well known and highly respected on this station, and is connected with the packet service."

RECRUITING FOR THE GUARDS IN IRELAND.—A party of the Coldstream Guards has arrived in Dublin on the recruiting service, and this time, it is believed, the Guards have been more successful than they were on a former occasion, as already they have secured several volunteers from the Militia regiments now lying in Dublin.

THE QUEEN'S PRESENT TO HER WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—The Queen has again sought to lighten the monotony of hospital routine, by sending several copies of appropriate songs for the amusement of the inmates of the General Hospital, Fort Pitt.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE MILITIA AND THE GUARDS.—

Upwards of two hundred of the 29th Lincolnshire Militia (says a Cork paper) have volunteered during the last few days into the Coldstream Guards, the Lancers, and some infantry regiments. The men who have thus volunteered in such numbers have no doubt been mainly influenced by the recent order from the Secretary for War, which considerably increases the premium to volunteers for the line from the ranks of the militia.

THE ADMIRALTY PROVISION CONTRACTS.—The Admiralty has sent a commission composed of three post captains of the royal navy to inspect and examine the provisions supplied to Haulbowline under the contracts of the year 1854-5. They have been engaged for some days at the inspection, and have not yet concluded. We understand the contractors for the present year have resolved to withhold their supplies until the result of this commission has been made known, considering, as they do, that the conduct of the Admiralty in the former transaction has been very arbitrary, and such as to render great caution on their parts absolutely necessary.—*Cork Examiner.*

A SHIP ABANDONED.—The crew of one of the pilot boats belonging to the Messrs. Dawson, of Cork, observed a ship, some three miles off the Old Head of Kinsale, labouring heavily, and apparently in a precarious state. Although the sea was running very high at the time, the pilot boat bore away towards the vessel, and on reaching her it was discovered she was in a sinking condition. Nevertheless, the crew of the pilot gallantly boarded her, and set to work at once in the most vigorous manner at the pumps. However, they had been but a short time at this work, when the crew of the ship took to the long boat, and abandoned the ship to the crew of the pilot and the captain in command of the vessel. In a short time after, another pilot boat fortunately came alongside, and rendered such assistance as enabled the vessel to be kept afloat until she reached Queenstown, where they were able to beach her at Whitepoint. We understand she is an Austrian brig, called Encourage, and was bound for Trieste with corn.—*Cork Examiner.*

A DECAYING SHIP FROM THE POLAR ICE-FIELDS.—The discovery barque, Resolute, which was one of three ships sent out in 1850 in search of Sir John Franklin and party, and which was abandoned in 1853 by Sir Edward Belcher, in Wellington Channel, in about lat. 76, long. 94, has been recovered, after drifting 1,000 miles, and taken into New London, United States, by Captain Buddington, of the whaling barque, George Henry, belonging to that port. It was on the 10th of September, in lat. 67 N., and while in a field of ice, that the captain discovered a ship in the distance, bearing north-east, about twenty miles from Cape Mercy. The description which has been published of the state of the ship and its contents is most interesting. The hold was full of water up to the floor of the first deck. Every moveable thing seemed to be out of its place; and the cabins were strewn with books, clothing, preserved meats (calculated to last the crew of seventy-five men for nine months), and other articles, but mostly in a state of decay. The sails were as rotten as touch-paper. There was a scarcity of fuel. In the cabin everything was silent and dark, but the discoverers broke in the hatchway door, and felt their way in the darkness to the table, on which they found matches and candles, the decanters of the officers with excellent liquor in them, and glasses standing around, just as they had been left many months before. A dry mould had gathered over everything. The iron water-tanks had burst from extreme cold, and the water they had contained had flowed over the bottom of the hold. Between decks, everything was covered with moisture. A sort of perspiration had risen from the water underneath, and had settled above. Many articles of apparel were found "wringing wet." The party made a fire in the cabin, and the mould soon began to drip down upon them. Theatrical costumes were discovered in abundance. The habiliments of Othello, Richard III., and King Lear, were carelessly lying among a pile of clothing intended, no doubt, for clowns and tumblers, for the spangles and variety of colours on the latter would lead one to infer that even Circus performance had been attempted on board the Resolute.

A NAVAL PATRIOTIC ASSOCIATION has been formed at Sunderland, with the view of raising a sum of money for the purpose of manning one or more of

the gunboats being built on the Wear. It was set on foot by Mr. D. Jonassohn, colliery owner, who communicated with the Admiralty with the view of ascertaining if Government would countenance the scheme, and received a cordial response, granting the required support.

AN IMPROVED MORTAR.—Mr. Thomas Dunn, a stationer at Glasgow, has perfected a mode of making mortars of malleable iron in one mass, so as to prevent the internal flaws which result from the usual way of forging these instruments of offence. The peculiarity of the invention consists in the material employed, which is principally charcoal iron wire rolled flat, and coiled with perfect closeness and mathematical exactness round an inner case gun, which can be made of either cast or other metal.

A WRECK ON THE NEEDLES.—The brig George Lord, Amlot master, from Patras for London, laden with currants, was wrecked on the morning of the 18th, at six o'clock, about four miles S.E. of the Needles, with wind blowing a gale from S.S.W., and very thick, with rain. As soon as the vessel struck, part of the crew, with a gentleman passenger, came on shore in the ship's boat, leaving on board the captain and wife, a lady passenger, and part of the crew, the sea making a clean breach over her. Lieutenant Gould, R.N., with his boat's crew from the Coast-guard station at Brook, proceeded overland a distance of two miles with the lifeboat in a wagon, launched her over the cliff abreast of the ship, and succeeded in saving the lives of those on board, though a very heavy and dangerous sea was running at the time.

MILITIA OFFICERS.—From some cases which have recently come to light, it seems that the widows of officers in the militia are not eligible for pensions.

THE ENGLISH MEDICAL OFFICERS IN THE CRIMEA.

A meeting was held on the 3rd of January at the Medical Head Quarters of the First Division of the Crimean army, at which it was determined to establish a society of medical officers for the purpose of discussing subjects of interest to that body, to be called "The Military Medical and Surgical Society, First Division, British Army," and to meet weekly on Thursdays, when papers will be read on subjects of professional interest.—A letter from Sir William Codrington to Dr. Hall has been published, in which the Commander-in-Chief expresses a fear that regimental medical officers do not sufficiently identify themselves with their regiments, but wish to be considered a separate department.

GREAT LOSS OF SHIPPING ON THE COAST OF SPAIN.

A vast number of ships—English, French, Portuguese, and American—have been wrecked, with loss of life, on the coast of Spain near Cadiz and Gibralter.

FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT.—Mr. Bateman, paymaster to the Exmouth, lying off Devonport, has been drowned, together with four other officers of the ship. They were going in the shore-boat from the land to the ship, when the sea, which rolled heavily, filled the boat, and it was upset. Seven others who were of the party were rescued, and restored to animation.

SHIPWRECK.—The American barque Independence has been wrecked on the north-eastern coast of Ireland. All hands were saved.

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH HAYDN, the author of "The Dictionary of Datus," "The Book of Dignities," and other works, and whose claims to some more generous recognition than the £25 a-year recently awarded him from the Pension List Funds were advocated only a fortnight ago in this journal, died at the latter end of last week from the effects of the paralytic stroke with which he was attacked several months past. The circumstances under which his family are left are already known to the public, and will doubtless receive the attention they merit.

BRIGADIER WILLIAM MAYNE, of the Bengal army, commanding the Hyderabad Contingent, died at Cairo on the 23rd ult. on his way to England. Colonel Mayne was one of the most brilliant, energetic, and promising officers of our Indian army. His loss is the more to be regretted when we reflect that he was only thirty-seven years of age. He was the third surviving son of the late Rev. Robert Mayne, of Limpfield, Surrey.

THE ROMANCE OF "THE TIMES."

[Under this head, we reproduce from week to week the most remarkable of those mysterious advertisements which appear every day at the top of the second column of the *Times*, front page. Such materials are worthy of being preserved in some other form.]

TOPSEY AND FRANK to PA and MA.—Call at St. John's-wood for letters. Write immediately. W. T. T., who left the city on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst., is entreated to communicate with his anxious parents.

T. R. C.—Letters have been written to several friends. The result has been great unhappiness, and you are threatened with a visit of inquiry. Do not commit yourself. I am puzzled and distressed, but unchanged and firm to my promise. Your child is

still where you placed it in June. Can you not give me an address that I may tell you all, and put you in possession of some letters? Look always on the bright side.—E. *

IF the lady who gave her name Tait, and left the child she called Fanny Brown, at Mrs. Cook's, 36, Little Clarendon-street, Somers-town, on the 10th of August, 1853, does not call or send, the child will be put in the workhouse.

A.H.—Thanks for both your kind letters: part of one, of them cause me pain and anxiety. I have been and am most miserable.

THE LISTENER.—Further information will be acceptable. Yours of the 4th only just received.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.—A serious disturbance has occurred at Sinow, arising from a canoe having been taken from the English bark Ariel by one of the people there. The sheriff sent to demand it: a fight ensued; one of the natives' huts was set on fire; and a sheriff's man was killed. Several of the surrounding towns were then destroyed by fire, a few mission-houses only being spared. A voluntary corps is being raised, to be despatched immediately to Sinow by the American schooner, George. An attack is expected at Cape Mount, and several of the Liberia people have been murdered.—The Rev. Mr. Leacock, a missionary, has gone to reside with a number of Mandingo chiefs, and Catty, King of Tiutu, who gave Mr. Leacock a friendly reception, is to send his children to be educated.—Governor O'Connor (who will shortly retire from broken health) has had a "palaver" with Demba Sunka, King of Barra, who spoke in favour of friendly relations with the English.

DISAPPEARANCE OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.—A gentleman in the Office of Works left his home, without any apparent motive, about two o'clock in the morning, nearly a fortnight ago, and has not since been heard of. A letter from him was afterwards received by his mother, saying that he was well, but giving no date or address, and stating no reason for his leaving home. He had been in a nervous state for some days past; and, on the day he left, a clerk in the Office of Woods and Forests had, as there is every reason to believe, destroyed himself, which is supposed to have preyed on the mind of the missing gentleman.

MISS MARTINEAU AND MR. DICKENS.—The number of *Household Words* for last Saturday contains an answer to Miss Martineau's rejected *Westminster Review* article (afterwards published as a pamphlet), in which that lady attacks Mr. Dickens for his sympathies with factory operatives exposed to unnecessary danger from unfenced machinery. Mr. Dickens was accused of exaggerating in his statistics: he has shown that so far from exaggerating the number of accidents, he understated the total, and he has exhibited very clearly that an ungenerous interpretation of his words, in the sense of *deaths* when he only referred to *casualties* of all kinds, has been resorted to. The reply is remarkable, not only for its completeness, but for the high spirit of courtesy in which it is written; herein strangely contrasting with the more vehement utterance of the adversary. Mr. Dickens has not forgotten that he was combating a lady, an invalid, and a woman of intellect.

FENCING MACHINERY.—Messrs. John Bright and Brothers have been summoned at the Rochdale Petty Sessions, to answer a charge of having a horizontal shaft in motion, which they had neglected securely to fence. The case having been argued on both sides, the bench determined to dismiss the summons. "Three of the magistrates," says the *Manchester Courier*, "viz., Messrs. Ashworth, Brierly, and Chadwick, are manufacturers."

FATAL ACCIDENTS FROM MACHINERY.—A boy, about eleven years old, has been killed at some file and steel works in Sheffield by being caught between the cog-wheels of a rolling mill, which were revolving at the rate, respectively, of ninety and one hundred and fifty times a minute. The boy was pressing on the lever with his entire weight, when the roller dropped, and he fell between the wheels.—A young man, employed at the Gadsby's Ironworks in Glamorganshire, has been killed by machinery. He had just started a fresh set of rollers in the forge, for making bar iron, when, stepping forward to adjust some of the machinery, his clothes caught in the revolvers, and the next minute he was dragged in between the rollers, and whirled round with such velocity, that, before the machine could be stopped, he had been turned at least twenty times, and was torn to pieces.

THE ROAD THROUGH ST. JAMES'S-PARK.—Several gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood of St. James's-park, and including some of those who recently waited on Sir Benjamin Hall, had an interview last Saturday with Sir George Grey, under the jurisdiction of whose department lies the settlement of the projected alteration in St. James's-park. Sir George assured the deputation that no plan had yet been determined on, and that ample time would be afforded for consideration and objection.

DISCOVERY OF A NEW ISLAND.—On the outer

voyage to Australia of the Ben Nevis, Captain Heron, in latitude 44° 41' south, and in the same longitude as the Crozets, came unexpectedly upon land. Supposing it was the Crozets, he steered one hundred and twenty miles south, and was astonished to find himself at the Crozets. He describes the new island as the highest he had ever seen, for the mountain ridge on it seemed to be as high as the Andes. The Crozets are in a line with Prince Edward's Island, Marian, and Kerqueulin's Island.—*Liverpool Post.*

CRIME IN SOMERSETSHIRE.—In consequence of the large and increasing extent of undetected crime, the magistrates of the county of Somerset have in contemplation the establishment of an efficient county police. Mr. W. H. Langton, M.P., Sir P. Acland, and others, formerly opposed to, now support the measure, which has the concurrence of the Hon. W. G. Hayter. Several parishes have petitioned for the introduction of the rural police, the parish constabulary being totally inadequate to the suppression of the organised gangs of ruffians and their systematic crime.

A GORGEOUS CATHEDRAL.—The restoration of the roof of Carlisle Cathedral has long been in progress, but has been delayed by a disagreement as to the style of the decoration, the Bishop being in favour of sobriety of ornament. It was at length agreed to submit the matter to the casting vote of Mr. Owen Jones, who decided in favour of great splendour and enrichment, as being more historically correct. "The panels," says the *Carlisle Patriot*, "are to have a groundwork of bright azure, powdered with gold stars; the ribs and bosses are to be painted various colours, red, blue, &c., and the coats of arms and other armorial bearings are to be restored after the most accurate heraldic designs; the angels which surround the cornice are to be gilded and coloured, and the large angels on the hammer-beams are to be treated in a similar manner."

STATE OF TRADE.—The trade reports from the provincial towns for the week ending last Saturday show that, while the news from Vienna has created considerable animation, the feeling is unanimous throughout the country not only against any premature reliance being again placed upon Russian professions, but also against a discontinuance of the war except upon complete and unequivocal terms. At Manchester the notification was followed by a sudden influx of telegraphic orders from all parts, but although business was carried on to a large extent, it was partly checked by the demands of holders, and the excitement having thus been allowed time to subside, a calmer tone subsequently prevailed. At Birmingham, it is considered the restoration of peace would favourably influence prices, since the demand for Government armaments does not compensate for the prohibition of the export of iron to the north of Europe, and the general limitation of domestic undertakings. For the present, however, the market, which was previously healthy and firm, remains without variation. In the general occupations of the place there is fair employment for the home spring trade, but foreign orders are not so good as had been anticipated. The more favourable expectations lately entertained of the assets of the Lichfield Bank are stated to have been diminished by a defalcation of nearly £8,000 on the part of a clerk, and other causes. From Nottingham the accounts are very satisfactory, purchases on American account being still kept up, although the wants of that country were supposed to have been fully supplied for the season. In the woollen districts, also, confidence is well maintained, and in the Irish linen-markets there has been increased activity.—*Times.*

RETIREMENT FROM PARLIAMENT OF MR. MACAULAY.—The Whig historian and member for Edinburgh has addressed a letter to his constituents in which he intimates his intention to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and retire from Parliament, on the ground of ill health. While thanking the electors for the generosity with which they have borne with his long absence from the House of Commons, he says that he had hoped to be able to attend all important divisions, and occasionally to take a part in debate. But the experience of the last two years has shown him that he cannot reasonably expect to be ever again able to perform the duties which constituents have a right to demand.

TWO MURDERS BY A MANIAC.—A man, named Sanford, a maniac, has committed two fearful murders at Woodbridge, Connecticut. He first killed, by a blow from an axe, Mr. Sperry, who was riding in a sleigh near a gloomy piece of wood; then going on to the house of a Mr. Umberfield, he got into conversation with him. It was seen that his manner was strange; and, on leaving, he struck Mr. Umberfield with his axe, and afterwards cut his throat. He then threatened a little girl, and departed, carrying the axe, and a club which he had brought. The maniac was pursued, and, after a fierce resistance, captured; one of the pursuers thrusting a pitchfork into his breast, and another knocking him down. He confessed that it was his intention to return to Mr. Umberfield's house, and kill the whole family; but his conversation was often very incoherent.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—In anticipation of the opening of the Parliamentary Session on Thursday next, the 31st inst., Lord Palmerston has addressed a circular to the various members, requesting their attendance, as important business will be immediately discussed. It is thought that the Queen will open Parliament in person.

DEATH FROM FIRE.—Miss Caroline Luttrell, daughter of Colonel Luttrell, who is now with his regiment in Cork, undertook to light up a Christmas tree on the occasion of a party on Friday week. She went by herself into the room, and in order to prevent intrusion until the effect should be complete, locked the door. Inconsiderately, she lit the lower tapers first, when, reaching up to the higher branches, her thin muslin dress caught fire. Having pulled the bell, she unlocked the door, and rushed forth. The flames were afterwards extinguished; but the shock to the system was so great that she died on Monday. She was in her twenty-fifth year.

RAILWAY REFORM.—A meeting of shareholders in railway companies was held on Tuesday at the London Tavern for the purpose of taking into consideration the seriously depreciated value of their property, and especially to consider a plan for removing the evils of the present system. Mr. W. Malins was voted to the chair, and addressed the meeting at great length. Mr. Mitchell proposed a resolution to the effect that a society be formed, to be called "The Railway Proprietors' Association," the objects being the protection of railway property and its restoration to a fair and legitimate value, the restriction and closing of the capital account, and the suppression of ruinous tariffs by territorial arrangements. This motion was unanimously carried, and it was resolved that the government of the association should be by a president and council, consisting of twelve or more members, whose services are to be gratuitous. In the course of his speech, Mr. Malins observed:—"Railway property has been something like from five to ten per cent. lower this year than it was last year; and, if you refer to the records, you will find that its downward progress has been unceasing, except at moments of special excitement. I ask you how long is that to go on? I think that the object of the associated shareholders should be the immediate constitution on each railway of an efficient committee of audit and control, which shall strictly examine the receipts and payments of every description, and shall look into every source of revenue, and the cost at which that revenue is obtained." Finally, a committee was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting, which then adjourned to the 31st inst.

CARELESSNESS WITH FIRE-ARMS.—Since the Burnopfield murder, there has been a mania in the neighbourhood for carrying fire-arms. A man recently dropped a revolver from a cart; another vehicle went over it, and one of the barrels exploded. The weapon was then picked up by a boy, in whose hands a second barrel discharged its contents, and shot a horse.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—Two Roman Catholic priests and a gentleman died suddenly, and with every symptom of being poisoned, after dining at the house of Professor M'Iver, Dingwall, Scotland. The professor himself lies in a hopeless state. It is believed that the roast meat was garnished with hemlock, and that the wine excited the chemical action of the poison. None of the ladies were affected.

KILLED WITH JOY.—A shoemaker at Lowestoft suddenly dropped down dead from excitement at unexpectedly meeting his son in the streets after his return from the Crimea. He had known of his return; but came upon him suddenly, and for awhile did not know him. The father went home, and was about to tell his wife when he expired.

THE WEATHER.—A violent gale blew on Wednesday and Thursday, and several ships slipped their anchors off Southampton. In London, on Thursday night, some vivid flashes of lightning were seen. The strength of the wind caused a very serious accident in the ruins of Messrs. Hopkinson's piano-forte factory, burnt down about a fortnight ago. The eastern wall, which was of great height, and necessarily weakened by the absence of the north and south walls, was blown down, and in its fall crushed three small adjacent houses, burying the inmates. The sufferers were dug out, and conveyed to the hospital; but none were fatally, though all were seriously, injured. The west wall was then pulled down.

EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.—A meeting of the shareholders of this railway took place yesterday, for the purpose of considering the general position of the Board of Directors, and for adopting measures for a proper administration of affairs: Mr. Waddington in the chair. Mr. Bruce, a director, moved that the meeting confirm the resolution of the meeting in August last, appointing the committee of investigation, and request them to continue their labours till the general meeting in February next. An amendment in favour of Mr. Waddington was lost. The original motion was not put, a poll having been demanded and granted. The result will be declared on Tuesday next. The meeting was very stormy; and Mr. Waddington left the chair without a vote of thanks being accorded to him.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, Jan. 26.

STATEMENT OF WILLIAM PALMER.

In the exercise of a judicial impartiality we insert the following statement, which must be taken purely as an *ex parte* one. We observe, however, one or two trifling discrepancies as compared with the evidence published in the daily journals. For instance, Mr. Mander spoke of only one ounce of prussic acid, and Whyman was only certain that it was before one o'clock when William Palmer purchased the poison.

It will be observed that in the late inquest on Walter Palmer, Mr. John Smith of Birmingham, the prisoner's solicitor, made strong assertions against Mr. Whyman, the assistant to Messrs. Mander and Weaver, druggists of Wolverhampton, who deposed to serving William Palmer with two ounces of prussic acid, on Tuesday, the second day of Wolverhampton Races, previous to the Thursday on which Walter Palmer died suddenly. Upon the evidence of this witness the verdict of the jury appears to have, for the most part, rested; and the medical witnesses going no further than to suggest that the symptoms of death, although similar to those of apoplexy, might, within possibility, have been occasioned by prussic acid. William Palmer, in giving instructions to his solicitor on this point, says as follows in writing:—

"I will swear most solemnly and sacredly, that I never was in a druggist's shop, in Wolverhampton, in my life; and that I do not even know where Mander and Weaver's shop is.

"Ask him what time of the day (he says) he sold me the acid. On Monday, Wolverhampton Race day, I went with Mr. Dyke in a fly from Southern's from Rugeley. On Tuesday I left the Stafford Station at 12, (Whyman was it quarter past 12, and persists in it, when Palmer was in Messrs. Mander and Weaver's shop at Wolverhampton, 2 miles distant)—with Mr. Painter; went to the Talbot with Mr. Painter; from thence to the Swan; then, on with Mr. Dyke, in a fly from the Swan to the course; from the course with Mr. Dyke in the same fly back to the Swan; and straight off home in my gig, which Mr. Dyke drove from Rugeley in the morning."

As the several persons indicated corroborate this statement, the friends of Palmer assert with confidence that Whyman must either have mistaken some other person for Palmer, or that having made the statement boastingly, he has "stuck to it" (as it is called) when driven into a corner, and so committed perjury. They assert that it can be most incontestably proved that Palmer could not have been at Messrs. Mander and Weaver's in Wolverhampton at the time stated, or within several hours afterwards.

The manner of William Palmer exercises its influence even under present circumstances. On Wednesday last, at Walsall Sessions, one of the head turnkeys of Stafford Gaol said: "He never before knew a prisoner who impressed every one in the gaol with a more favourable impression, or with a greater appearance of being innocent of the charges brought against him, than Palmer."

DENMARK AND THE ALLIES.

CAPTAIN WARREN, of the Driver, lately brought to the British Legation here instructions to request the Danish government to allow the allies the use of two ports as winter stations. Mr. Buchanan presented in due course the request, which was refused on the 11th by the Danish government, on the plea of neutrality. On the 14th, a fresh note arrived from England, persisting in the request, and demanding an answer in as short a time as possible. This answer has not yet been given.—*Letter from Copenhagen (Jan. 17).*

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

CONFERENCES have been held in Constantinople in order to adjust the first and fourth points relating to the Principalities. The persons who took part in these conferences were Aali Pacha, Grand Vizier; Faud Pacha, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Prince Callimaki, M. Thouvenel, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and Baron de Prokesch.

Mr. Murray has left an agent at Teheran, and has threatened to support him by an English fleet in the Persian Gulf.

Spain is still in a disturbed state. Large bands of workmen have demanded work of Espartero: they were promised something should be done for them. At Malaga, public order has been seriously menaced, owing to the dearth of food and the scarcity of work.

The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that Paris will probably be the city in which the Peace Conferences will be held.

"The most strenuous efforts," says the *Times* Vienna correspondent, "are now being made to induce England not to insist on Russia's disarming the eastern coast of the Black Sea. In diplomatic circles, complaints are made of the inconceivable obstinacy (*unbegreiflichen Sturzins*) displayed by Sir Hamilton Seymour in this matter."

The requisition of the electors of Edinburgh to Mr. Adam Black has already been so numerously signed as (according to the *Scotsman*) to ensure the return of that gentleman.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"VINDEX" has undoubtedly a perfect right to be heard on the subject of his communication, and we shall be doing him no more than justice in allowing him an opportunity to make the fullest explanations. But would it not be better to allow really trifling inaccuracies to pass unnoticed? However, if he adheres to his desire that his letter shall be published, we will make room for it in our ensuing number. It has reached us too late for insertion this week.

ALBIC.—Our correspondent informs us in a postscript that he has enclosed his card. This, however, he has omitted to do; and as our rule is absolute, we cannot insert his letter. We beg to assure him, however, that he has, in a manner not unusual to hasty readers, strained the meaning of the sentence he disputes. The fact that Admiral Dundas was summoned to the Council of War indicated simply that he had not been "shelved." Why General Airey was called we cannot, any more than our correspondent, undertake to explain.

X. Y. Z.—(*In re Palmer.*)—If our correspondent will send us his name and address, we will give him that of our correspondent.

During the session of Parliament it is often impossible to find room for correspondence, even the briefest.

Dutch organs announced that Russia had accepted "the preliminaries of peace."

But the Austrian propositions were not the preliminaries of peace; nor does it necessarily follow, from the Russian reply, that the preliminaries of peace will be signed. The English Government hastened to disavow the half-expressed promise of Buol, by reminding Russia that the Austrian propositions were not the propositions of the Allies. They *describe* the conditions of peace, but are not those conditions. Consequently, the Western Powers will frame a series of stipulations, not contradicting, but developing the Austrian plan, and upon these the decision of Russia will be taken. Then will be settled the question between peace and war. The public must remember, however, that further conditions have to be proposed, and that these are not, probably, the least important to the Allies, or the least obnoxious to Russia. When this stage has been reached, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg will transmit its reply, through the mediating Court, to Paris and London. Should it amount to a direct refusal, the negotiations will lapse; should it be a repetition of the answer given to Austria, the propositions will be signed, and *they* will constitute preliminaries of peace.

But there are important steps to be taken before this point is gained. France and England have to formulate, in detail, the primary and secondary objects of the war, and to fix the limits of concession. For, Russia has not pledged herself to positive sacrifices, but, through the official journal, announces that she will consent to neutralise the Black Sea, and "to discuss the other points." Count Nesselrode, in his Circular, declares that the Czar yields, for the sake of peace, to the urgency of his friends, not to the pressure of his enemies. Of course a first-rate power is never expected to make a confession of weakness; but Russia recoils, obviously, from exhaustion. The important question is, has she abandoned her aggressive policy? If not, what term of repose will enable her to resume it? How many years would have been added to the expectations of peace by another year of warfare? We believe this to be the point of view whence the mass of the English public regard the projected settlement. They feel not merely that Great Britain had still to assume her full proportions as a belligerent power; but that Russia had still to receive wounds which might have extorted an indemnity and incapacitated her from interrupting, by the violation of a neighbour's frontier, the political concord of the world.

We think, it is true, that should Russia accept in good part the propositions of the Allies, her submission would leave the English public without any serious desire to prolong the war. From Count Nesselrode's Circular, however, and from the language of the official journal, it is evident that, while desirous of peace, the Emperor ALEXANDER desires to resist the conditions of the Western Powers; in fact, wants to cut short the sufferings of his empire without making material concessions. We anticipate obstinate attempts to modify and to compromise, loose and evasive interpretations, and counter-propositions. Already, it is hinted, the neutralisation of the Black Sea is held not to include the abandonment of the forts on the Circassian coast, or of Nicolaieff. ALEXANDER the SECOND, also, has prepared for an appeal to Europe, by putting his moderation in contrast with the excessive severity which, by anticipation, he imputes to the proposals of the Western Powers.

The reply of the English ministerial journals to these insinuated propositions, has hitherto been firm. The French Government, it is

believed, though impatient of any policy not her own, will not abandon England in enforcing the essential submission of Russia. In our own Cabinet, the general opinion is probably in favour of peace, but the peace is not likely to be bought by any disgraceful compromise.

We have described, we believe, the actual state of the negotiations. All that has been done has been done between the enemy, and a neutral: Great Britain and France remain as yet in ignorance of the manner in which their distinct propositions will be met. They must give their own interpretation to the Austrian clause, which stipulates for the neutralisation of the Black Sea; they must protect the Danube from German as well as from Russian encroachment; they must extirpate the incipient power that would in a few years menace the Baltic from the Aland Isles; they must provide for the perplexing questions that arise out of the fall of Kars. They are in a position to argue with dignity against any evasive reply on the part of Russia, for they are fully armed; and, we believe, they have a new ally ready in the North, whenever they may decide that the aid of Sweden is worth obtaining on her own terms.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT ON ENGLISH DESTINIES.

"WHAT will become of England?" M. DE MONTALEMBERT proposes the question, because he says, in the opinion of the world England has attained her apogee, and even her own citizens bewail her inevitable decline. But, interpose M. DE MONTALEMBERT, she is not yet fated to decay; her safeguards are greater than her dangers; and he undertakes to describe these dangers and safeguards, and thence to deduce the probabilities of our political future.

His qualifications for this task are peculiar. He knows more, probably, of English manners and institutions than any other Frenchman; he has studied English literature, and conversed with English statesmen in their own language. Generous in his sentiments, he is perfectly just in his intentions, and is disposed neither to exaggerate the perils of a free Constitution, nor to conceal its virtues. It results that he suggests many profound reflections, falls into no ridiculous errors, and reads to Englishmen a lesson on their laws, and on their political habits, which they may study with advantage and without pain. His theory is, perhaps, the converse of M. LEDRU ROLLIN's, but in no other respect is any comparison possible. M. LEDRU ROLLIN composed a chimerical libel, assuming the decline of England, and attributing it to the corruption of our aristocracy, and the avarice of our middle classes. But he wrote in ignorance. M. DE MONTALEMBERT, possessing a knowledge rare among foreigners, writes under the influence of natural prejudices, which have misled him, and may mislead his readers. When we find M. DE MONTALEMBERT glorifying our Constitution, and warning us to reform no more, lest by disturbing the edifice we destroy its solidity, we are forced to ask, who is M. DE MONTALEMBERT? Why is he perplexed by fear of change? What does he understand by Innovation?

M. DE MONTALEMBERT, dismayed by family tradition, dreads "progress" as the precursor of anarchy. To him, and to his order, the epoch in which a BOURBON throne was encircled by a feudal noblesse was the epoch of peace and felicity. They who dwelt in the castles felt all the warmth and safety within, and saw not the shadows of the castle-towers. M. DE MONTALEMBERT, to whom the revolutionary retrospect is a phan-

The Leader.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1856.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—*Dr. ARNOLD.*

THE PEACE PRELIMINARIES.

THE public must remember that hitherto no mutual understanding has been established between Russia and the Western Powers. The Western Powers have not stated explicitly the nature or extent of their demands; Russia has by no means committed herself to any positive programme of concessions. When Count ESTERHAZY reached St. Petersburg, he delivered to the Russian Minister, not, of course, a plan of peace framed by the Allies, but a scheme suggested by the neutral Government of Austria, accompanied by a despatch from Count BUOL. It is well known that at first she accepted a part, and denatured to a part of the proposals, which it had been distinctly announced must be accepted or rejected as a whole. The Russian reply, therefore, contained reservations which amounted to a refusal. Then, some journals have told us, a high tone was held by the Austrian Minister, and Count ESTERHAZY prepared to leave St. Petersburg with the Legation. But it is more probable, more consonant with circumstances which have since transpired, that another course was taken. Count NESSELRODE's attention would naturally be drawn to the passage in Count BUOL's despatch, in which it was remarked that, although the negotiations had been entirely confined to Austria and Russia, the signature of the propositions by Russia would, if they were signed by the Western Powers also, constitute preliminaries of peace. Thus the promise of a suspension of arms was half implied. What more in harmony with the habitual action of Russia than to purchase an armistice at this easy price? The Emperor ALEXANDER, no doubt, desires peace, but if peace be impossible, he desires, of course, to carry on the war under the most favourable conditions. Nothing could be more advantageous to him than a temporary cessation of hostilities, which might aid him, diplomatically, by throwing on the Allies the responsibility of renewed war, and, in a military sense, by allowing him to strengthen his outposts, while the Western Powers relaxed their preparations. Accordingly, the Russian acceptance, *pur et simple* (not unconditional), of the Austrian propositions, was transmitted to Vienna. And, immediately, the German and

tasmagoria of blood and terror, associates the efforts of the middle and working-classes in England, with the first encroachments of the *Tiers Etat* in France—encroachments which led, inevitably, as he thinks, to regicide and to the desolation of the capital. Still, he is not one of those infatuated devotees of the past, who would reverse the order of events, and take shelter in obsolete forms. What he dreads is, democracy leading to military despotism, and, at this point, he utters his protest against the new Imperialism of France. His countrymen, he hints, have sought in their own abasement a refuge from their own folly. England, he continues, will never prefer submission to responsibility; but, to escape the danger, he warns her, impressively, of the chasm that is opened by the process of democratic reform.

Liberal by cultivation, M. DE MONTALEMENT is despotic by instinct. He belongs to that impossible party which pretends to reconcile liberty of conscience with infallible authority; exactly as he affects to reconcile an admiration of our Protestant independence, with a regret that we, as a nation, have strayed from the pastures of the Holy Roman Church. But we cannot forget that M. DE MONTALEMENT, while he pleads for freedom of thought, and grieves to see his countrymen ruled by an incubus, has not been without a share in promoting that result. Did he not, by a course of perverse reaction, accelerate and do all that was possible to justify the *coup d'Etat*? Did he not, after an evanescent show of quasi-liberalism, early in the reign of Louis PHILIPPE, facilitate the policy of oppression? Did he utter one protest against the successive steps by which that intriguing philosopher neutralised the Constitution, and filled the Chambers with the representatives of an official constituency? M. DE MONTALEMENT has a horror of BONAPARTISM, but his horror of the Revolution aided in placing a BONAPARTE on the throne. And, to him, reform means revolution, in the French sense of the word. "If Radicalism and liberty," he observes, "were identical, England would have a dismal future;" but, inwoven with these phrases, we detect the old *émigré* idea—that progress is danger, and freedom anarchy. To him, as to most Frenchmen, radicalism is rebellion in embryo; and every English chartist mounts the red flag of the Faubourgs. Thus, as we have said, he is the converse of a French Republican. Most French Republicans, judging of England, *ab extra*, fall into errors exactly the opposite of M. DE MONTALEMENT. They speak of English "tyranny" and "slavery," and cannot imagine the development of free institutions among us, without barricades and provisional governments.

It is natural, in M. DE MONTALEMENT, to regret the establishment of absolutism in France. To an ambitious and powerful orator, proud of his eloquence, what affliction more severe than the blow that strikes him dumb! But he, when the tribune cracked under his feet, might have remembered that with the liberty of the tribune the liberty of the press must be united, and that while he "defended France against the enemies of order," he obstructed her free progress, and by attacking Bonapartism with the weapons of legitimacy, helped to make liberty impossible. He accuses Lord PALMERSTON as "the great despiser of the rights of the weak," and "the great auxiliary of revolution against liberty." Was he not himself the enemy of the French Republic, at a time when to attack the Republic was to invite the Empire? He admires the self-restraining spirit of the English nation, which reconciles it to enormous taxes in times of pressure. He praises the machinery which

moves midway between innovation and routine. He sees a bright as well as a black side to our growing democracy; but his hope, obviously, is in Conservatism. "England will open the door to democracy, but she will then oppose barriers to its advance." At present the tendency is to take power out of the hands of the "permanent" classes, and to share it with the floating masses of the third estate. But M. DE MONTALEMENT measures England from a French point of view. He looks upon Administrative Reform as an attempt to multiply paid offices, and to create a vast bureaucracy upon the continental system. To aim at modifying the law of primogeniture, he considers equivalent to an attack on property; to enlarge the suffrage, he believes would be to introduce uncontrollable and alien elements into the Legislature. Generally, he argues that England must consolidate her institutions, check her "progressive" tendencies, and stand upon her ancient ways, or she may follow France into the Napoleonic abyss.

It is easy to trace the source of these ideas. Conversant as he is with English politics, M. DE MONTALEMENT writes with French traditions in his memory. CHARLES the FIRST is to him the prototype of LOUIS the SIXTEENTH; he applauds the English "conquest" of CROMWELL, as it is probable he would applaud the "conquest" of LOUIS NAPOLEON.

These essays, then, though lucid, suggestive, and often philosophical, are penetrated by a radical error. Perhaps no foreigner can thoroughly comprehend the process by which England has come to be what she is, or the reforms by which she may advance farther, and harmonise her institutions with the spirit of every successive age. But M. DE MONTALEMENT considers our liberty ripe, and warns us to protect and not to improve it. We do not dread with him the approach of new reforms; but, with him, we believe that a religious love of legality is the first condition of freedom; for, in a self-governed State, to despise the law is to destroy the machinery of reform. There are many other points to be considered in these essays, which abound in valuable texts; but these we reserve.

A RESPECTABLE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

It is discovered that the instruments of civilisation are used for the purpose of barbarity. The extension of chymical science enables us to detect the workings of crime with a minuteness and a certainty perfectly unknown to the times of the BORGIA or the BRINVILLIERS; but the same ingenuity teaches evasion of detection and fresh inventions of atrocity. While Professor TAYLOR is discovering how to detect murder by poison, 150 persons supply him with materials to work upon, and a

PALMER cons the volume about poisons as sedulously as the Professor. The principle of guarding against risk by the insurance of lives suggests a means of trading upon murder, as the insurance of vessels by sea originated the crime of baratry, or the intentional loss of vessels to obtain the insurance. We have been charged with pressing this view of "our civilisation" too freely and too closely. It has been said that we drew our experience from the town, and applied it to the innocent country. PALMER has taught us how the village surgeon can excel the latest Manchester villain in the ingenuity of his operations.

We deny the charge. We have not picked the facts; we have not taken them from any one class of society. Those who accuse appear to presume that the cases of crime are not more numerous than the cases of detection; yet we have had only one PALMER, one MONAGHAN, and some few other doubtful cases, out of the five hundred that have come to the

hands of Professor TAYLOR alone. The onus probandi lies upon our accusers. Is Rugeley an entirely exceptional case? Is there anything in the configuration of the country in that part that should make the people monsters, in comparison with their neighbours? Is the water atrociously brackish? Do the people feed entirely upon pig's flesh, or on sausages of more malignant material? Have the virtues of the population been poisoned out of them by the adulterations of the grocer, the druggist, and the butcher? There is, in truth, nothing to establish the peculiar blackness of Rugeley in the moral map of England. Yet, what are the facts? We find that many of the inhabitants are accused, and by each other. Here is the respectable surgeon, and what is the story told of him by his neighbours? That his father-in-law disappeared mysteriously; that a visitor died under circumstances which rendered a Coroner's inquest necessary; that his wife was poisoned; that his brother followed the wife, his boon companion followed both, and his servant was to have been in the same retinue. Seven children have disappeared—seven, although his wife had but four. Having thus involved himself in these difficulties, he became amenable to the criminal laws of the country, and had to confront a fate which is usually extended only to the humblest people who have not the money to get out of the way, or influence to make justice get out of their path. But PALMER was a "pleasant gentleman," and there was a sympathy with his embarrassment. There is the postmaster, a highly decent and amiable man, who commits something very like a felony, if it is not actually a felony, to oblige his neighbour. Such are the courtesies of society, that politeness will go the length of felony; and people say that we are too severe upon our civilisation. Then there is the Coroner who receives game and notes of more than one kind, the itinerant representative of justice in the district. Amongst the ladies of the place was ANNE PALMER, the wife of WILLIAM; and he, coming up as a witness to exonerate his mother from a claim of debt on his account, avows that ANNE PALMER fraudulently put the name of "SARAH PALMER" to the bill he had drawn. That amiable, respected, and unfortunate lady, therefore, was a forger. But how do we know that we have got to the end of the confessions that might be made if Rugeley were put upon its confession? The Coroner, acting under the compulsion of the law, has enforced a kind of partial day of judgment for Rugeley,—has made the graves give up their dead, and tell their secrets: what if we could have up the whole church-yard in evidence against the living generation; and then bring the living inhabitants into the witness box as witnesses against each other? Yet again, we deny that the Rugeley is peculiarly criminal: it is only characteristic of English society, in the adulterations of its trade, the treacheries of its private relations, the subornation of its insurance, and the prostitution of its most sacred guarantees.

We could, on the moment, take other country towns, equally rustic, equally removed, it might be supposed, from the contaminating influence of a great city, and equally marked by violation of established law. We do not say that in all the cases to which we refer there would be the same total breach of natural law, that the same atrocious inhumanity would mark the mutiny of society against itself. But nothing is more characteristic of the present day, than the confusion which exists in the chastisement of infraction against conventional as well as natural law. Indeed the punishment is more severe in the case of conventional than of natural law.

PALMER has his portrait painted in the accounts of his neighbours, and yet to this day there is a disposition to rally round him; but he is a man who carries his prayer book in his hand, and has always done his best to "keep up appearances." If he had avowed opinions of doubt as to the institutions of the Church, if he had been a confessed disciple of GEORGE SAND, or MILTON, on the subject of marriage, if he had been a democrat in principles, he would probably have been persecuted by his neighbours; and instead of finding lawyer, coroner, and curate, to express indignation at the persecution, the society of Rugeley would have declared that he merited all that he met, and that "they expected such a termination at last." Rugeley is punished for this confusion. If it treats a "*malum prohibitum*," the breach of a conventional law, as "*malum in se*," or a violation of the law of nature, or indeed as something worse, it tacitly puts a licence on violations of natural law, on outrages against life and affection, so long as the offender pays for his licence by keeping up appearances; and advantage is taken of the licence.

No sooner is PALMER detected, however, than those who stand apart from him join in the hunt, although they may be not unaccused by conscience. Do the other 148 poisoners of last year come forward in the sincerity of their hearts to confess? Do post-masters who have examined letters, magistrates who have listened to one side, relations who have taken out policies of insurance, declaim against casting the first stone at PALMER? Most likely they are foremost in the hunt, for to seem on the side of the accuser blinds suspicion—as the pickpocket in the street cries, "Stop thief," to prevent the crowd from tripping him up before the policeman.

There is immediately a cry that we must alter the law of insurance, to prevent "these evils,"—that we must not put a premium upon poisoning. But it is precisely by relying upon these artificial laws, these police guarantees, that Society, as we call ourselves when we want to abuse other people, has superseded natural safeguards by artificial safeguards. We owe to Mr. FRIZZROY a bill for preventing husbands from beating their wives; and people do say that the cases of wife-beating have multiplied since the bill passed; though others explain that a more stringent law only multiplies the cases of *detection*. But what must be the state of that society in which the policeman is the guarantee for the safety of the bride? We have instances this week of parents endeavouring to force their children into courses of vice and crime, and the police magistrate interferes. PALMER avows that he made his wife commit forgery; and had the couple persevered in that course, a detective would probably have interposed; but what is the state of society in which the family education, and the domestic morals, are regulated by the constable? If we had arrived at that point—which, thank God! we have not—we had better all of us give up the ghost, and retreat to a better world; for Devildom would have been established in this. But, if we want to encourage the progress of such civilisation, we had better continue multiplying our artificial safeguards, our statutable compacts, our police surveillance within the street door, as a substitute for the natural affection between man and man, man and woman, parent and child. Perhaps if we had something less of this disguise of nature, these moral stays to improve the natural figure, instinctive affection would recover its force, and "the plant, man," would grow more healthily, and in more safety.

NEW PREACHING OF THE WORD.

WILL Oxford continue to be the seminary for the gentlemen, the leaders, and the instructors

of the English people, or continuing to be the seminary for a sect, will it lapse into an ambiguity, and cease to be national? The question is practical. At the present moment, strong in the belief that "The Church of England" is not to be overthrown, the "Dons" at Oxford may laugh at their voting such a question; but established forms of faith have been disestablished. At one time the Druidical form of faith was established in these islands; and persons who lapsed were recalled by a peculiar mode of destruction in wicker baskets, to the orthodox "persuasion." The Romanist form appeared to be unalterable until HENRY VIII. wished to divorce his wife; the Independents had hopes of ascendancy until CHARLES II. brought back Popish hopes, to be overthrown finally by the ORANGE dynasty, which secured the Apostolical succession to the schismatical "Church of England;" trifles less than the deep questions of the present day having overthrown ecclesiastical regimes not less ancient than that now dominant in Oxford. During the Reformation, the "Church of England" was pronounced to be the Christian Church, according to the enlightened view of this country; and there really is no other tenure for a national church. Oxford dissenters from that national definition of the national church, and sticks by some local test.

An incident occurred lately which confirms our statement; and the shame of Oxford is about to be consummated in a very painful way. The Reverend BENJAMIN JOWETT put forth a new view of a doctrine, which has perplexed many ingenuous and earnest Christians—the doctrine of the Atonement. It was not, he said, God who was reconciled to man in the sacrifice—such an interpretation of the event would be barbarous, and would impute anger and passion to the Most High—passions which man himself contemns and repents. But it did reconcile man to God—an interpretation consistent with religious feeling, with the conception of divine attributes, and with logical argument. But it is not consistent with the thirty-nine articles; a fact obvious to one GOLIGHTLY, who is the DEL CARRETTO of Oxford. He at once challenged Mr. JOWETT to lie down on the Procrustes bed with its thirty-nine degrees, and JOWETT lay down. But this is not all; he is about to republish his work, explaining away the doctrine.

In vain. The interpretation cannot be explained away. Such passages remain in literature, though the author repudiates them. COLEBRIDGE erased from the "Ancient Mariner," the stanza beginning

"A gust of wind stert up behind;"

but no one passage is more quoted than that quaint octave. MALTHUS talked, in his first edition, of Nature having "no cover" at her board for the "unbidden guest," who belongs to surplus population; he omitted the startling words in subsequent editions, but they survive in a thousand other volumes. And these are only phrases—trifles. Mr. JOWETT's interpretation of the Atonement is a real light upon the moral interpretation of Christian doctrine; it reconciles the doctrine with history, with facts, with instinctive sense, with the conception of divine mercy. It cannot be suppressed; but JOWETT may, and he consents to be so. As some creatures survive only to create a structure, and then die—as the coral insect builds its fair island and expires, so the amiable Mr. JOWETT completes a great doctrine of the English Church, by lighting up the lamp that hitherto remained unkindled and dark; and then, yielding to the stronger will of lower minds, he consents to be dragged down, and to drift in the stream of forgotten agencies. But the doctrine stands, and the lamp will not be extinguished.

The force of truth is greater even than the obstinacy of dogma. The people "of England" has a Church, divided though it is by doctrines which possess sections of it, and unconscious as it is of its real unity amid the conflicts of sect. The freedom which has been allowed to discussion, however, is gradually enabling the preponderating truths to crush the half truths; and religion, by no force of rack or inquisition, is gradually suppressing schism and dissent. At the church of St. Peter's, Saffron-hill, on Sunday week, the Rev. GEORGE MANSFIELD preached a sermon on Religion in Common Life—a fine out-spoken discourse which tells the world that religion is not imprisoned in dogma or church; that one truth cannot be incompatible with another, one law of God destructive of another; but that to live well, and do good, and to obey the laws of the creation, is to be religious. Who wrote that sermon—JOHN CAIRD, Minister of Errol. It was preached before Queen VICTORIA, "defender of the faith," who commanded it to be printed. It had the imprimatur of her consort Prince ALBERT, whose own sermons have sometimes been such as Nature preaches, God's silent minister. The discourse, composed by a minister of the Scottish Church, was preached again by a minister of the English Church. Verily, it seems to us that, Oxford notwithstanding, we are arriving at a real Christian era.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

WHATEVER doubt may rest as to the interference of Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE to prevent the succour of Kars, there is none whatever as to his Lordship's habitual temper. His influence at Constantinople is becoming daily a sore offence to every one placed within reach of it. He may be an excellent man; he is, unquestionably, an acute and powerful diplomatist; but sufficient illustrations have been given of his ungovernable ill-humour, and of his egotism, to render it probable that his authority is not always exerted in a public spirit. The controversy relative to the sacrifice of General WILLIAMS must be brought to a head. If Lord STRATFORD be to blame, he must not be shielded. If the Turkish government neglected its duty, it is important that the truth should be known. Perhaps the war department in England is responsible. But we believe we have correctly indicated the causes of the abandonment of Kars. They will not be breathed in Parliament. In another campaign the policy of the Allies might be modified; but hitherto France has not adopted or sanctioned one step towards the establishment of a strong military position in Asia Minor. France has no considerable trade in that direction; England sends upwards of a million sterling worth of her manufactures to Trebizond alone, and her trade penetrates thence into Central Asia. Who is accountable for the disaster which threatens to blockade this important road?

OUR SILENCE ON THE HOILE CASE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to express his surprise and regret at our having abstained from comment upon the case of the poor lad HOILE, sentenced by a bench of county magistrates to a month's imprisonment, for the heinous crime of slaughtering a pheasant in the execution of his natural and religious duty as a British scarecrow. We beg our correspondent to believe that it was from no inattention to the case (reported in another part of our paper, under the heading of "Our Civilisation"), that we left it to make its own way to the feelings of our readers, but it is our habit and practice to decline to follow needlessly in the track of our daily contemporaries, whose more special office, and whose peculiar opportunity it is, to seize upon each passing

instance of the operation of bad law, rather than to generalise upon the principles to which these laws may be traced. Our duty, as we interpret it, is to probe more deeply and more calmly the permanent causes of these passing evils. With more leisure and less space than our diurnal contemporaries, and partaking, necessarily, in some degree, of the character of essayists, we conceive it would be to trifle with our readers, and to be false to our own opportunities, were we to fill our pages of discussion with stale sarcasms and warmed-up severities.

In the present case the *Times* had contributed its overpowering publicity to a very just and very powerful condemnation of the magistrates, and the inestimable *Punch* had lashed the offenders with his best *baton*. The exposure was complete, the verdict universal. We, in our humbler capacity, could do no more than remind our readers, as we have so often reminded them, that there was nothing in these instances of arbitrary and cruel county-law either exceptional or astonishing,—nothing that was not the natural fruit of a system more barbarous and more intolerable than the legislation that taxed our bread. We are fond of crowing over our poor distracted fellow-creatures on the Continent, who have sometimes hastily, and with violence, removed the landmarks of that Conservative tradition, which, under the name of “the wisdom of our ancestors,” it is our peculiar pride and glory to preserve in this favoured land. Assuredly we should be sorry even to exchange a bastard feudalism for the more modern revivals of Cæsarism and bureaucracy. But that bastard feudalism which is set to administer the law, because it possesses, or is supposed to possess, “a stake in the county,” without the slightest reference to fitness or intelligence, is, in the opinion of some honest and moderate men, a disgraceful anachronism in this latter half of the nineteenth century. If our correspondent has honoured us with a sustained attention, he will be able to refer back to some very unequivocal opinions of the *Leader*, on the subject of county magistrates.

Let us repeat that we have never entertained any violent objection to the owners of the soil conducting the business of their counties under proper control of the ratepayers; nor do we see cause why they should cease to wear the uniform of deputy-lieutenants and the rank of Justices of the Peace; but, in the name of law and order, and society, in which we too have a stake, we shall always protest against the administration of the law being confounded with the occupation of the soil—against justice being treated as a privilege instead of a responsibility. In the case of the poor lad HOILE, indeed, there was a degree of harshness and virulence displayed on the Bench, which was an outrage upon the commonest decency and humanity; but it must not be forgotten that the Game Laws are still in existence, and that, if the spirit of those laws is condemned by a LONDESBOURGH, their letter is affirmed by a D'AETH.

Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write?—MILTON.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A PEACE. (To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR.—Your correspondent, Sir Arthur Elton, in a series of letters in the *Leader*, has endeavoured to demonstrate to his countrymen how little the present war will in the end either benefit them or the cause of civilisation. He finds his opinions on the fact that the policy of those who direct this war has no

loftier aim than to regulate that balance of power which for a century and a half has been the mere *bête noir* of routine-bound diplomats and philosophic statesmen. I confess myself one of that small minority who coincide in the general opinions expressed by your correspondent. I had imagined, however, that the bulk of the people of England were as dissatisfied as we were with the want of a defined object, or an honestly-stated principle for which to combat at so enormous a cost, but that once engaged in the contest they thought it advisable to proceed at all hazards, on the look-out in the meantime for a favourable opening through which to back out with some degree of *éclat*. In this I was mistaken, for in the acceptance by Russia of the Austrian proposals such an opening has occurred, and, if we are to judge of public feeling by the opinions of the press, instead of being greeted with thankfulness and eagerly clutched as an omen of peace, it seems to have proved only a damper to the aroused pugnacity of the nation, and a positive disappointment to its expectations. This unlooked-for humility of Russia appears to have fallen on our spirits as would a shower of rain on a Fifth of November, and like whining schoolboys we vent our disappointment that our vast preparations for the campaign of '56 are not after all to astonish the world, that our squibs and our crackers must be laid by, safe from the fingers of the Manchester school, and let off upon some future occasion.

No one will for a moment deny the wisdom of due caution in treating with Russia, and of not being over anxious to grasp her proffered hand of friendship; but a man must be a superficial observer of public feeling who cannot detect behind this ostensible motive for the continued war whoop of the press, the lurking gangrene of a wounded military vanity, which of all national epidemics is the most childish, the most fatal.

That our statesmen should be influenced in their actions by such petty considerations is not to be conceived, but that they may allow themselves to be overruled by the glamour of the noisy and unreflecting, who mostly swell the ranks of a war party in all countries, is more than probable. Moreover still more probable is it that some of them may truckle to this pugnacious feeling, knowing that a return to peace, now, whilst the indignation of the people at the blunders in the commencement of the war is not yet cooled, will be more dangerous to our shaken political system than a continuance of the struggle allied with a man who, *parvenu* as he may be, is not supposed to be tainted with the *vulgarities* of extreme opinions.

Surely our wisest course is to avail ourselves of the present golden opportunity, and make peace if at some sacrifice. We have grave abuses to reform in our own houses, and England and France will better serve the cause of liberalism in Europe by the force of example than by that of arms.

Even supposing, that should the war continue, Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston were unwillingly forced to enlist popular sympathies in their service, a case now more than ever remote, seeing the late disposition of Austria, what would civilisation gain, as Sir Arthur Elton remarks, from the state of uncontrollable anarchy which must result from this policy? Liberty born in stormy periods and baptised in blood, has ever been a sickly bantling, and has never yet reached maturity. Yet to those professing liberal opinions who do not choose to accept the present opportunity of returning more or less to the *status quo*, this anarchy is the choice of the two evils in prospect should the war continue; the other wretched alternative being the accession of Austria and Prussia to the Alliance, thereby adding the prestige of our good name and of victory to the power of Despotism in Europe.

Yours, &c.,

PARTRIDGE.

THE THEORY OF CONSUMPTION.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR.—The *Leader* is a review remarkable for clear-headedness, straightforwardness, hitting directly the point of any question, and the absence of all dodge or quibbling in its argumentation. I am sorry to observe a total absence of these qualities in the letter of Dr. McCormack, admitted to your columns of Dec. 22nd. How far he exhibits that *Hibernian* “obfuscation” of ideas he would impute to others, your readers will best judge. His remarks are the nearest to *blarney* of anything I have ever before seen, in the only part of the *Leader* where such could possibly find entrance.

The simple questions at issue between McCormack and myself are:—1st. Are our theories identical? and 2nd. Which has the priority of promulgation?

To settle the above questions is all that the reader expects in any reply of Dr. McCormack to my letter in the *Leader* of Dec. 1, the object of that letter being simply to identify Dr. McCormack’s alleged *new* and *original* discovery with the theory published in another medical work more than a year before. Now, instead of sticking to this plain point, what does Dr. McCormack treat us to? An entire diversion from the subject. A totally groundless and irrelevant allegation is made. Dr. McCormack

challenges me with the “inconsistency”—the “singular pretension,” twice repeated within a few lines—of “reviewing, or proposing to review,” a work I had not taken the trouble to look into. My letter makes no pretensions of the sort, as all readers of it very well know. Not a word of *review* is expressed, hinted at, or intended; such was both inadmissible and uncalled for. The reviewer of Dr. McCormack in the *Leader* is one, I imagine, who seldom leaves it to any man to finish up his work after him.

Again: *diversion*, or *manœuvre* the second, of Dr. McCormack’s—and an allegation quite as far-fetched and confounded as the last—I am charged with misstating or understating his views. Now, if any charge of this sort attaches at all, it is to the reviewer in the *Leader*. But the reviewer makes no mistake. The passage which Dr. McCormack singles out and admits to embody his views is correctly quoted in the extract in the *Leader*. ON THAT EXTRACT I FOUND MY LETTER. Where, then, can be the room for charging me with mis-statement or under-statement? The charge is in fact simply silly—nonsensical—trumped up only to “obfuscate,” *Hibernian* fashion, your readers—in other words to throw dust in their eyes, and under its cloud to make his escape from a disagreeable conclusion.

A parting word, Mr. Editor: this letter is extorted from me; I am not controversial. There is no call for controversy in the present question. I re-assert simply what I did in my last, that Dr. McCormack’s theory is neither *new* nor *original*. Whose exposition of that theory is most up to the mark of modern science, keeps closest to the received facts of the *latest* physiology and pathology—makes fewest assumptions, and leaves fewest difficulties—I leave it to the profession to decide, for that is the only competent tribunal; and its award I am content to abide by.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your constant reader,

JOHN FALBIRNIE, M.A., M.D.

Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY IN 1772.—The subjoined piece of foreign intelligence, dated March, 1772, shows how little the designs of Russia have varied in the last eighty years:—“Warsaw, March 14.—Since the arrival of two couriers at the Russian ambassador’s house here, the news of a peace seems to be vanished, and there is an appearance that this object is not so far advanced as we had wished. A foreign Court seems much inclined to favour a peace, but the propositions of Russia are somewhat difficult to accept. According to the preliminaries, Moldavia and Wallachia were to be restored to the Turks; the Tartars of the Crimea and their neighbours were to be declared a free people, exempt from all protection, and their fortresses not to be occupied by foreign troops; Turkey was to pay Russia for the expenses of the war 80,000,000 dollars, of Lyons; but Russia will not accept these preliminaries, and hath sent Lieutenant-General Elempt with a body of 12,000 men, which, joined to that of General Romanius, who is near Slonim, Breze, and Pinsk, will reinforce the Russian army considerably. Poland is also comprised in these preliminaries; the confederacy is to cease for the future its operations; the nation to hold a free Diet, unrestrained by any foreign troops; and the government of the republic is to be regulated and established on a lasting foundation.”

SALVAGE.—The dispute at Liverpool between Messrs. Bramley Moore and Co. and the receiver of the Droits, with regard to fees charged in respect to the salvage of a chain and anchor dropped from the *Pied-nez*, has been terminated by the Board of Trade having directed the receiver to return the amount. The case excited much interest among the shipowners at that port, not from its intrinsic importance, but from its being considered to afford a means of testing a general principle. In their reply to the Board of Trade, acknowledging the award, Messrs. Bramley Moore and Co. state it to be a matter of notoriety that a systematic plan of plundering ships is carried on in the Mersey; that it is no uncommon thing for the buoys of anchors to be cut away, in order that the anchors may afterwards be picked up as salvage; and that, in their opinion, the fees claimable in such cases operate to prevent the system from being vigorously put down.—*Times*.

COMMUNICATION BETWEEN GUARD AND DRIVER.—This serious want in railway trains is secured by a new invention about to be applied on the South-Western Railway. Every train will have a guttapercha tube extending its whole length. This tube will be formed of parts which are attached to each other by a spring clip, so that the length of the tube can be made to correspond with the length of any train. This tube is connected with an air pump in the guard’s van in front, and with the guard’s van at the end of the train. By a stroke of this pump the air is forced through the tube to the opposite end of the train, and produces a very loud and shrill whistle at a mouthpiece attached to the tube in each guard’s van, and to a mouthpiece which extends also close to the engine-driver. One whistle means “Look out,” two whistles signify “Caution,” and three whistles denote danger.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

We see announced a new work by OWEN JONES, whom Europe acknowledges as *il maestro di color che sanno*, in colour (we mean no pun) and ornamentation. It is to be *The Grammar of Ornament*, and to exhibit in three thousand examples the origin and development of all those styles of ornamentation which the science and ingenuity of all nations have produced. We are to see, not simply read of, the ornamental work of savages, of Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Pompeians, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Turks, Moors, Hindoos, Chinese, Celts, with those of the Middle Ages, Renaissance, Elizabethan period, and the Italians; and what we see in coloured diagrams OWEN JONES will explain in lucid philosophic text as is his wont. The work will appear in ten shilling parts; the cost of production will be immense, and unhappily the cost of purchase must keep it from many a house where it would be very welcome. Nevertheless some of our readers may be architectural enough, or wealthy enough to make light of this obstacle; and to such our announcement is addressed.

While OWEN JONES tries to make us understand how by going back to Nature we may learn the true secrets of ornamentation, Nature herself is somewhat paradoxical in her own caprices. For example, how many leaves she has given us, no two exactly alike! how many insects she has given us, no two alike! and as if to play with her very varieties and multiply the inexhaustible, has she not given us the *Phyllium Scythe*, in other words, the insect which even those forewarned cannot distinguish from a leaf? The first time we ever saw one of these Eastern marvels, a lady handed to us a small box, asking us if we knew what leaf was lying as the bottom: a sere and yellow leaf, with all the sadness of approaching autumn in its aspect. To her surprise we ventured a doubt whether indeed it were a leaf at all. This doubt, which looked like the scepticism of vast knowledge, was indeed but the shaky offspring of well-grounded ignorance. Our botanical erudition being ludicrously small, the mere *appeal* to it was in itself suspicious, and on that hint we spoke. Had we been more knowing we should have committed ourselves; for in sober truth the leaf insect is so like a leaf that Mr. ANDREW MURRAY assures us, in an admirable paper contributed to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* this quarter, that when visitors to the Royal Botanic Garden of Edinburgh flocked to see the new wonder, "they usually, after looking at the plant for a minute or two, declared they could see no insect;" and even when it was pointed out to them they could not rest satisfied until it was made to move, or was taken from the plant and suffered to crawl over the attendant's finger. This constant "stirring up" appears to have been too much for its nerves; and its health demanded that only four days in the week should it be publicly exhibited.

The insect now exhibiting in Edinburgh is the first which has been seen alive in this quarter of the Globe; and it is to Mrs. Major BLACKWOOD that naturalists are indebted for the sight. Those who cannot go to Edinburgh may at least go to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, and read there the very interesting memoir written by Mr. MURRAY, who has enriched the curious observations made on the *Phyllium Scythe* with some philosophic speculations on the metamorphoses of insects, too long for extract here, but worthy of every one's serious attention. Mr. MURRAY expresses the hope that this specimen will only be the first of a numerous family, and that in a few years the leaf insect will be as common in our conservatories as the canary bird is in our houses.

The wings of the *Phyllium Scythe* have not only the colour and form of leaves, with their stems and venation, but the colour varies at different periods of its life, always resembling some leaf. When first hatched it is of a reddish yellow, something like a half-dried beech leaf; when once it has settled on a tree it speedily assumes the colour of the leaves on which it feeds. Among the leaves of the common myrtle it cannot be distinguished by the colour of the body (the legs are brown); and its habit of carrying itself adds to the difficulty of detecting it. The tail is generally curled up a little, about as much as the bend of the myrtle leaf. "As it bends its tail up, however, the curl would be the wrong way, unless the insect walked back downwards, which in point of fact is its constant habit, adhering to the under sides of the leaves. This habit brings to light another beautiful contrivance for still further heightening its resemblance to a leaf. The upper surface is opaque green, just the reverse of the myrtle or guava leaf; so that by reversing its position it brings the glossy side up and the dull side down."

Like the leaf it feeds on it seems to decay on arriving at maturity, and in the autumn it puts on that "sere and yellow" garment which the leaf assumes. Here an interesting question arises, Can the solar influences which thus change the colour of foliage be the cause of the similar change in the colour of the insect? Is the identity of change incident on an identity of structure, as regards the chlorophyll and pigment? Some such identity would seem to be indicated by the fact Mr. MURRAY has noticed respecting the cannibalism of the insect—it eats the skin which it moults! Mr. MURRAY says he is not aware whether this singular act of cannibalism has been observed in other insects; nor are we; but we can furnish him with one

curious example, bearing out his suggestion that the leaf-insect not only looks like a leaf, but tastes like one. We divided a caterpillar in two for the purpose of watching reflex actions, and in about ten minutes afterwards we observed the one half greedily feeding on the other. As the caterpillar is not carnivorous this conduct greatly surprised us; however we watched it closely for some time, and the fact became indubitable. Perhaps, after all, there is no such contradiction in either case, as the mere terms convey. It may be only cannibalism in words; in *fact*, the insect feeds on vegetable substance, which has not been metamorphosed into animal substance, although it forms an integral part of animal tissue. This may bring the animal and vegetable kingdoms into more inseparable union than is currently imagined; but it will not otherwise alter our physiological conceptions. If the reader is sceptical of the existence of vegetable substance retaining its vegetable composition and qualities even while forming an integral part of animal tissues, let us ask him what there is more repugnant in such an idea, than in the existence of inorganic substances retaining their composition and qualities while forming integral parts of animal tissues? Does not osseous tissue, to cite but one example, contain phosphate and carbonate of lime as integral portions, which can be removed from the organic substance as perfectly as from a lump of earth, but which when removed deprive the organic substance of its osseous qualities? Into questions so complex and far-reaching as these we must not further enter. Enough if we have opened them for the speculative physiologist.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S MEDITATIONS.

Principles of Government; or, Meditations in Exile. By W. Smith O'Brien. 2 Vols, Dublin: Duffy

FOR eighteen years Mr. Smith O'Brien was a member of the British Parliament. For six years he was a prisoner in a penal settlement. He has been a grand juror, a magistrate, a guardian of the poor, a political agitator, and a convict. As a country gentleman, he had opportunities for studying the manners, faculties, and feelings of the rural populations of all classes; as a legislator, the widest and brightest vistas of metropolitan life were open to his eye. His personal connexions familiarised him with the aristocracy, —his early career in the Senate — a career unspotted by factious intrigues — laid bare before him the workings of the Parliamentary system; his subsequent alliance with O'Connell was a practical lesson in the art of empirical agitation. He had not the demagogue's dangerous want, for he was rich; he had not the demagogue's dangerous gift, for he was by no means eloquent.

And yet Mr. Smith O'Brien, whose opportunities for observation were so remarkable, hazarded his fortune, position, and life in a desperate attempt, and it was a desperate failure. As long as he trod in the steps of his ancestors, parallel with the respectable file of Protestant Irish gentry, he was an esteemed, influential, and mediocre individual, a parliamentarian by birth, a justice of the peace by station, a politician by courtesy. In the very hour in which, scanning the world from Daniel O'Connell's Pisgah, he ventured upon a path of his own choosing, he ran into a labyrinth, the outlet of which was in Van Diemen's Land. He became first an absurdity, then a nuisance; he was ridiculed; he was shut in the Speaker's Black Hole; he was transported; he suffered a graduated series of penalties, and now, a conditional amnesty having softened into serious regrets the last feelings of bitterness in his mind, he publishes, with a preface dated from Brussels, two volumes of scholarly essays, moderate, argumentative, even fascinating in their dignity and composure.

In these volumes he has endeavoured to present a synoptical view of society, and a theory of human government, including generalisation and details. The book, we think, will be particularly welcome to his friends. Mr. Smith O'Brien, as last seen in the three kingdoms, was the central figure of a farce, a dupe as well as a demagogue. He has since endured what, to any man is a bitter infliction, the loss of social position, of personal liberty, and of the right to live among his countrymen. He owes grace to his exile. It has subdued his passions, brought his reason into play, philosophised his views of politics and history. Those who knew Smith O'Brien as a politician — a patriot, the sympathisers called him, and patriotic he was, no doubt — will be surprised to find in these forty chapters of speculation, not calmness only, but modesty. They contain no gall of a repining spirit. The style is studiously impersonal. Seldom does an allusion strike at a contemporary. Mr. O'Brien reviews, methodically and without display, the origin of the several forms of government, and starts from this point, upon a survey of the principles introduced into legislation by ancient and modern statesmen. His inquiry, though generalised, descends to the smallest details of executive administration, of police, of popular health and amusements, and of municipal organisation. It is neither very original in its plan, nor profound in its results, yet it is a clear and sensible exposition of a political theory.

"D vested of almost all the ordinary interests of life," cut off from the means of historical and literary research, forced to depend for illustrations on his memory, Mr. O'Brien almost necessarily filled a large space with expanded truisms. But his work is essentially elementary, and its perusal will be more profitable to young men than to mature or prejudiced politicians. To the latter class of readers it will be a curiosity; to the former it supplies an excellent outline of legislative study. Of course, were we to deal as political critics with Mr. O'Brien's propositions or with his arguments, we should, at the outset, cross swords with him, and dispute, at intervals, to the end. He is still, in spirit, a country gentleman: he never was more, in fact, than a country gentleman who had wandered from the rural orbit. Returning within the ancient limits, he only stands in contrast with his peers because he brings with him the liberality imbibed during a long episode of agitation. For instance, he argues as if centralisation and a paid magistracy for the counties were inseparable; as if all peers enjoyed a moral as well as a legal right to their stations; as if social wisdom made her abode in the provinces and were a mere visitant in the towns. Nevertheless, there is a passionless and charitable tone in the essays, and good intentions cover a multitude of errors. An amiable platitude is taste-

less in comparison with a venomous epigram; but when a writer cannot be epigrammatic, how much we owe to him for not trying to be venomous! A remarkable characteristic of Mr. O'Brien's speculations is their tendency to optimism. Though a free Reformer, his maxim, in general, is "all for the best;" which, in essence, is Mr. Macaulay's. Mr. Macaulay habitually brings his reasoning to this point—that the right thing was done, at the right time, by the right men; and that, had it been done before, or by other persons, it would have been wrong, could not have lasted, and would have prevented many good things from coming to perfection. Mr. O'Brien, though he does not say so, regards the future with a placid eye, and believes that, when happy changes come, they never come an hour too late. Premature innovations, he says, are always futile and often disastrous. Witness the establishment of a Commonwealth, which led to the adoration of a restored dynasty, with its bad passions exasperated; the adoption of universal suffrage in France, which resulted in an act of national prostitution. True, but the attempt to found a perfect republic in England came after, and resulted from the attempt to establish an irresponsible tyranny. The successive convulsions in France were caused by the successive encroachments and perpetual perfidy of her rulers. Universal suffrage was the folly of the French republic, but it was the last resource of a nation that had seen a Monarchy crushed, and a Constitution rotted away. "The many" commit crimes and errors, but "the many" never received the impulse or obtained the power, unless "the few" had done worse, and broken down at the end of the game.

To illustrate the opinions enforced by Mr. O'Brien, we will quote a passage on the value of a national, as contrasted with a royal army. "Social order itself," he remarks, "may be purchased at too dear a rate." He continues:—

The right to bear arms is one of those fundamental rights, upon which the liberties of a free people rest. In a well-ordered community, the occasions may be rare in which an individual has occasion to protect his person from violence; but such cases may occur, and when they occur, the tardy interference of the authorities often comes too late to repel the menaced wrong. For personal protection, therefore, every man should be allowed to possess arms. If he make an improper use of these arms, let him be severely punished; but the apprehension of an occasional outrage is no sufficient reason for disarming a whole community.

The use of arms by the population at large is the best security that a nation can possess against subjugation by a foreign foe. When a people rely exclusively upon a standing army for protection, then if that army be vanquished in a battle, or in a succession of defeats, no alternative remains except submission; but a people accustomed to the use of arms, and courageous in spirit, may rally after a hundred defeats and recover its freedom.

Nor is it alone against foreign foes that a nation ought to be prepared to defend its liberty. The minister or sovereign, who desires to enslave a people, naturally wishes to deprive them of the means of resistance. Insurrection is an alternative to which a nation should be slow to resort; but the fear of such a contingency ought to be ever present to the minds of those who design to enslave a country. A patriotic legislator, therefore, will encourage rather than repress a disposition on the part of the people to possess arms, and to learn their use. The liberties of England are due to the maintenance of this right, which is secured, as a part of the constitutional system of England, by the Bill of Rights. The liberties of America were acquired by the use of the rifle, handled by brave men. The liberties of Switzerland were acquired, and have been maintained, by the possession of arms, and by a manly determination to use them in the hour of need. Such popular rights as are to be found among the nations of the Continent are secured by the practice of training to the use of arms, as a national guard or militia, a large proportion of the population. On the other hand, England strives to deprive the Irish of the use of arms, because she desires to keep that nation in a state of subjection; and because she remembers that when Ireland possessed, in the Volunteers of 1782, a military organisation, of a national character, the interests of Ireland ceased to be sacrificed to those of England.

This is spirited, logical, and not common place. Mr. O'Brien's volumes, though composed, in a large proportion, of elementary generalisations, contain many other passages equally sound and vigorous.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCAH.

Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca. By Richard F. Burton. Lieutenant Bombay Army. Vol. III. Longman and Co.

THE third volume of Lieutenant Burton's Pilgrimage to the holy cities of the Moslem faith has at length appeared. Though containing much interesting matter, it is inferior in many points to the preceding portion of the narrative. The most important chapter,—that containing the description of the Bait Ullah, or House of God—is copied textually from Burchardt, illustrated, indeed, by copious and very valuable notes. It would have been as well, however, if the Latin notes had been omitted in a work intended for the general reader. We do not deny that the subjects thus noticed are held in high esteem by physiologists, but they are certainly out of place in a book likely to find its way to the drawing-rooms of delicate-minded women; and, at the present day, the Latin language is no barrier to female curiosity. Our fair readers are, therefore, cautioned against attempting to decipher any notes not written in the vernacular. Our author is, moreover, addicted to the weakness of displaying his polyglot attainments, at times when his native tongue would amply suffice to convey his meaning. He ought not to have laid himself open to M. Saintine's sarcasm, that "one may be a fool in several languages;" a remark founded on a sounder knowledge of mankind than Charles-Quint's dictum, that a man who knew five languages was five times a man. But Lieutenant Burton's error may be traced, not to folly, but to a bad habit very prevalent among Anglo-Indians, of interlarding their conversation with Oriental words and expressions. Were it possible that men should ever gather together with a view to construct one common tongue, no doubt they would proceed on some such plan as dovetailing the choice idioms and phrases of the different peoples. But, as that event is not very probable, at least in these our days, it is much to be desired that writers should abstain from all displays that savour of pedantry and affectation. Language never fails a definite idea. If the ideas be clear, the words will readily follow.

Fortunately, the genuine worth of Mr. Burton's narrative in a great measure redeems this lesser fault. His description of the character and manners of the wild tribes of the Desert is particularly interesting; and he has the good sense to accept the vulgar name of Bedouin, though he does not omit to

remind his readers that this is the plural form of Badawi, an adjective derived from Badu, "a desert," and that consequently it is ungrammatical to speak of "a Bedouin." The Arab races of Ismaelitish origin occupy only the Sinaitic Peninsula. They exhibit an admixture of Egyptian blood, and are mentioned in Eastern records as half-caste Arabs. Another foreign race are the Noachians, a Chaldean family, described as purely Caucasian and of a highly nervous temperament. The original stock was sub-Caucasian, and may still be traced in the province of Mahrah and along the coast between Muscat and Hadramaut, by their inferior development—"low brows and ill-formed noses, irregular lines, black skins, and frames for the most part frail and slender." The national type, however, is of a high standard. A lofty, broad, and retreating forehead; long, bushy, crooked eyebrows; a small, restless, fiery, deep-set eye; the nose generally aquiline, but not unfrequently straight as the Grecian; the lips either too thick, or forming a mere line; a well and strongly-made chin; short, white, regular teeth; a pensive expression of countenance, often combined with much dignity; muddling stature; a spare frame, but square and sinewy; hands and feet coarser than a Hindoo's, but more delicate than a European's; the thumb sufficiently long to be prehensile; and a light, springy gait. Such is the Hejazi of the present day, such were his ancestors when the world was still young, as men reckon time. Strange as it may appear, this type has been preserved notwithstanding a system of intermarriages. Not only is the union of first cousins permitted, but "every Bedouin has a right to marry his father's brother's daughter before she is given to a stranger." The women of El Hejaz are inferior to the men in personal appearance. Their "eyes are fierce, their features harsh, and their face haggard," and they soon shrivel up into withered crones. Their social position, however, is quite as favourable as among the ancient Germans, and thus a certain degree of gentleness is infused into the character of the men. Indeed, the Arab has much of the true chivalrous feeling. Though an hereditary robber, he is ready to defend the honour and to respect the person of his female prisoner. He loves to hear of deeds of mercy, generosity, and manly virtue. He even knows something of platonic affection, which he denotes by a phrase signifying "pardonable love." Nor does he renounce his allegiance to beauty while engaged in plundering the wayfarer. "Strip off that coat, O certain person! and that turban," exclaims the highwayman, "they are wanted by my lady-cousin." Nevertheless, matrimony is a commercial transaction. The love-sick swain must wait until his father or himself can pay in advance one-half of the dower of his bride—for the other half he is allowed a reasonable credit by the lady's nearest kinsmen. The marriage festivities are simple, though noisy. There is dancing and singing and eating of mutton, with a dropping fire of guns by way of accompaniment. A divorce is a matter of much easier accomplishment, provided that the "settlement" has not been dissipated, for that must be punctually refunded.

The Bedouin is strictly abstemious as a rule, though equally prone to the opposite excess in eating when unwanted abundance is before him. Habitually, he is content with ten ounces a day, and that consisting of dry dates, a little milk, and some clarified butter. His favourite repast is a dish of locusts, which are dried four or five days in the sun after being boiled in salt water. "The head is plucked off, the stomach drawn, the wings and the prickly part of the legs are plucked, and the insect is ready for the table." They are usually eaten hot, with salt and pepper, or onions fried in clarified butter, when they are said to be almost as good as stale shrimps. On journeys, however, the Bedouin indulges in meat cut into strips and sun-dried, together with a bag of milk-balls and a little coffee; but fermented liquors are unknown except by name. Smoking, however, is very general, though the weed used for that purpose is strong, and unpleasantly flavoured.

The religious ceremonies practised at Mecca prove that the Mahomedans are by no means free from idolatry. And the Hindus expressly throw this taunt in their teeth,

O Moslem, if thou worship the Kaabah,
Why reproach the worshippers of idols?

Of the rites practised at the sacred shrine it is impossible to give an abridged account which could convey any adequate idea of their real character. To the book itself we must refer the curious reader for a full description of all that appertains to this sacred duty of a true Moslem. The only fault we can find, if indeed it be one, is that Lieut. Burton is sometimes too minute and elaborate, and thus wearies any but the most determined inquirer after truth. Our waning space, too, bids us to forbear, though we look for an easy pardon for the following extract relative to one of those strange beings who are oftentimes encountered under peculiar circumstances. The scene took place on the road from Mecca to Jeddah:—

Before nightfall I was accosted, in Turkish, by a one-eyed old fellow, who,—

"With faded brow,

Entrench'd with many a frown, and comic beard."

and habited in unclean garments, was bestriding a donkey faded as himself. When I shook my head, he addressed me in Persian. The same manœuvre made him try Arabic: still he obtained no answer. He then grumbled out good Hindostani. That also failing, he tried successively Pushtu, Armenian, English, French, and Italian. At last I could "keep a stiff lip" no longer:—at every change of dialect his emphasis beginning with "Then who the d—— are you?" became more emphatic. I turned upon him in Persian, and found that he had been a pilot, a courier, and a servant to eastern tourists, and that he had visited England, France, and Italy, the Cape, India, Central Asia, and China. We then chatted in English, which Haji Akif spoke well, but with all manner of courier's phrases; Haji Abdullah so badly, that he was counselled a course of study. It was not a little curious to hear such phrases as "Come 'p, Neddy," and "C'e nom d'un baud-t," almost within earshot of the tomb of Ishmael, the birthplace of Mahomed, and the sanctuary of El Islam.

Equally extraordinary is the gibberish spoken as good English at the seaports of our distant settlements. Every traveller who has touched at Ceylon will remember the very unusual expressions—to use a mild phrase—there common in the mouths of the Cingalese. Nor can any one recall to mind without a smile the ingenious impetuosity of the donkeyboys at Aden, for ever crying in alternate strophes, "Ya, Sahib! ya moke! bloody moke, sahib!" It is scarcely, however, a fitting subject for mirth, that the earliest foundation of

the English language, and therefore of its superstructure of Christian civilisation, should be a mixture of slang and blasphemy. The lesson might not be altogether thrown away, if our missionaries would thence draw the inference that they must begin by imparting positive ideas. It is useless to preach religious doctrines, or even morality, to a people who view not a single thing in the same light with ourselves. They must be treated as children with the minds of men; that is, as if they possessed the quick apprehension of the former, with the retentive and collative faculty of the latter. Unhappily, our missionaries themselves are usually mere children as to knowledge of the world, and old women as to obstinacy and perverseness: the result of their labours being consequently nihil.

KINGSLEY'S HEROES.

The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales for My Children. By the Rev. C. Kingsley. With Eight Illustrations, by the Author. Macmillan and Co.

WHAT Niebuhr charmingly did for his son Marcus, Kingsley has done, like a poet, for his children, Rose, Maurice, and Mary: taken the Greek myths, and, divesting them of all scholastic apparatus, told them as fairy tales. But although Kingsley's genius is so immeasurably greater than that of Niebuhr, and his versions show in every page the traces of that superiority, there is one point in which his inferiority is manifest. Niebuhr forgot that he was an historian, a scholar, and a sceptic, when telling his boy the stories of Grecian mythology; Kingsley will not forget, nor suffer us to forget, that he is a parson. All his writings have a sermonising tendency. The very gods of Greece cannot be left in their marble nakedness, but must have a surprise flung over them. His manuscripts are always thrust into the black leather case, which we could so willingly see on the pulpit desk only.

In the preface to this child's book the wrd God is flung about with amazing recklessness, meant to be impressive, but impressing us only with a feeling of the writer's extraordinary want of taste. In the space of forty-four lines God is mentioned eleven times, Jesus Christ thrice, and St. Paul once—all purporting that, if the Greeks were a wonderful people, it was God who made them so (which one did not require to be told), and that they ceased to worship God, giving themselves to idols of wood and stone—which will make scholars and philosophers stare.

Mr. Kingsley loves the old Greeks, and says so; but he cannot say so without dragging in the Bible: he cannot teach his children to love the Greeks without at the same time giving them a sermon. If he could only hear what people say of his preface, and warm admirers among them, he would at once issue his charming book without that blot; and as his friends are not likely to tell him what they hear, it is for us to do so.

Once having got over the preface, the reader will meet with nothing but what he can admire in this volume. The surprise is cast aside on quitting the *vers*, and the poet only appears. The stories chosen are Perseus, the Argonauts, and Theseus. Let us hope the other legends are to follow. Better than all criticism will be an extract of sufficient length to exhibit the manner in which the stories are told, and for this purpose we select—

HOW PERSEUS SLEW THE GORGON.

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea; and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

And he went by Cythnus, and by Ceos, and the pleasant Cyclades to Attica; and past Athens, and Thebes, and the Copaic lake, and up the vale of Cephissus, and past the peaks of Oeta and Pindus, and over the rich Thessalian plains, till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him were the wilds of the north. Then he passed the Thracian mountains, and many a barbarous tribe, Paons and Dardans and Triballians, till he came to the Ister stream, and the dreary Scythian plains. And he walked across the Ister dry-shod, and away through the moors and fens, day and night towards the bleak north-west, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the Unshapen Land, and the place which has no name.

And seven days he walked through it, on a path which few can tell; for those who have trodden it like least to speak of it, and those who go there again in dreams are glad enough when they awake; till he came to the edge of the everlasting night, where the air was full of feathers, and the soil was hard with ice; and there at last he found the three Grey Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea, nodding upon a white log of drift-wood, beneath the cold white winter moon; and they chaunted a low song together, "Why, the old times were better than the new."

There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks. Neither seal nor sea-gull dare come near, lest the ice should clutch them in its claws. The surge broke up in foam, but it fell again in flakes of snow; and it frosted the hair of the three Grey Sisters, and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads. They passed the eye from one to the other, but for all that they could not see; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat; and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Grey Sisters; but they did not pity themselves.

So he said, "Oh venerable mothers, wisdom is the daughter of old age. You therefore should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon?"

Then one cried, "Who is this who reproaches us with old age?" And another, "This is the voice of one of the children of men."

And he,—"I do not reproach, but honour your old age, and I am one of the sons of men and of the heroes. The rulers of Olympus have sent me to you to ask the way to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "There are new rulers in Olympus, and all new things are bad." And another—"We hate your rulers, and the heroes, and all the children of men. We are the kindred of the Titans, and the Giants, and the Gorgons, and the ancient monsters of the deep." And another—"Who is this rash and insolent man, who pushes unbidden into our world?" And the first,—"There never was such a world as ours, nor will be; if we let him see it, he will spoil it all."

Then one cried, "Give me the eye, that I may see him;" and another,—"Give me the tooth, that I may bite him." But Perseus, when he saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men, left off pitying them, and said to himself, "Hungry men must needs be hasty; if I stay making many words here, I shall be starved." Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about between themselves, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put

the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back, and laughed, and cried—

"Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye; and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon, and swear to me that you tell me right."

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded; but in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though, when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the road.

"You must go," they said, "foolish boy, to the southward, into the ugly glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the Giant, who holds the heaven and the earth apart. And you must ask his daughters, the Hesperides, who are young and foolish like yourself. And now give us back our eye; for we have forgotten all the rest."

So Perseus gave them back their eye: but instead of using it, they nodded and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, till the tide came up and washed them all away. And now they float up and down like icebergs for ever, weeping whenever they meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind, which fill young hearts with joy.

But Perseus leaped away to the southward, leaving the snow and the ice behind; past the isle of the Hyperboreans, and the tin isles, and the long Iberian shore; while the sun rose higher day by day upon a bright blue summer sea. And the terns and the seagulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play, and the dolphins gambolled up as he passed, and offered to carry him on their backs. And all night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly, and the Tritons blew upon their conchs, as they played round Galatea their queen, in her ear of pearl shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leaped more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn; while Perseus skimmed over the billows like a sea-gull, and his feet were never wetted; and leapt from wave to wave, and his limbs were never weary, till he saw far away a mighty mountain, all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud; and Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

He came to the mountain, and leapt on shore, and wandered upward, among pleasant valleys and waterfalls, and tall trees, and strange ferns and flowers; but there was no smoke rising from any glen, nor house, nor sign of man.

At last he heard sweet voices singing; and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star.

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song; but the words which they spoke he could not understand; no, nor no man after him for many a hundred years. So he stepped forward and saw them dancing, hand in hand around the charmed tree, which bent under its golden fruit; and round the tree-foot was coiled the Dragon, old Ladon, the sleepless snake, who lies there for ever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes.

Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maidens; but when they saw him, they too stopped, and called to him with trembling voices—

"Who are you? Are you Hercules the mighty, who will come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit?" And he answered—

"I am not Hercules the mighty, and I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me, fair nymphs, the way which leads to the Gorgon, that I may go on my way and slay her."

"Not yet, not yet, fair boy; come dance with us around the tree, in the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. Come hither and play with us awhile; we have danced alone here for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a playfellow. So come, come, come!"

"I cannot dance with you, fair maidens; for I must do the errand of the Immortals. So, tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves."

Then they sighed and wept; and answered,—

"The Gorgon! she will freeze you into stone."

"It is better to die like a hero than to live like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them."

Then they sighed again and answered,—"Fair boy, if you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We know not the way to the Gorgon: but we will ask the giant Atlas, above upon the mountain peak, the brother of our father, the silver Evening Star. He sits aloft and sees across the ocean, and far away into the Unshapen Land."

So they went up the mountain to Atlas their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and the earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea-board with his mighty hand; "I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he has the hat of darkness, which whosoever wears cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it?"

But the giant smiled. "No living mortal can find that hat, for it lies in the depths of Hades, in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal, and they shall fetch it for you, if you will promise me one thing and keep your faith."

Then Perseus promised; and the giant said—"When you come back with the head of Medusa, you shall show me the beautiful horror, that I may lose my feeling and my breathing, and become a stone for ever; for it is weary labour for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised, and the eldest of the nymphs went down, and into a dark cavern among the cliffs, out of which came smoke and thunder, for it was one of the mouths of Hell.

And Perseus and the nymphs sat down seven days, and waited trembling, till the nymph came up again; and her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness; but in her hand was the magic hat.

Then all the nymphs kissed Perseus, and wept over him a long while; but he was only impatient to be gone. And at last they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

But Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen Land, beyond the streams of Ocean, to the isles where no ship cruises, where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings, and saw the glitter of their brazen talons; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself, and remembered Athene's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that

they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread: but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed, Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was like the face of a nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and pain; and her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror, that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said, "Ah, that it had been either of her sisters!"

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed; and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings, and showed her brazen claws; and Perseus saw that, for all her beauty, she was as foul and venomous as the rest.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with Herpe stoutly once; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goat-skin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks; and her two foul sisters woke, and saw her lying dead.

WAR LITERATURE.

The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol, written in the Camp. By Lieutenant-Colonel E. Bruce Hamley, R.A. Blackwood and Sons.

The Past Campaign: a Sketch of the War in the East. By N. A. Woods, late Special Correspondent of the *Morning Herald* at the Seat of War. 2 vols. Longmans.

The War in the Crimea: Substance of a Discourse, delivered to the Worsley Literary Institution. By the Earl of Ellesmere. John Murray.

PERHAPS there never was a war so completely fought out, as it were, under the public eye as the present. Certainly not within the memory of man have such stores of information been heaped upon the public, so soon after the events to which they relate, as we have received from all sides during the campaigns of 1854-55. Although battles were fought and cities taken three thousand miles away, yet in two or three days, often less, the fact has been made known to us; and in a fortnight or three weeks the details, in large type, have been served up with the eggs and cold chicken at our breakfast-tables. At regular intervals additional information has been supplied by the monthly periodicals; and ever and anon some volume has made its appearance, the work of an ambitious civilian or a modest soldier. Day by day, and month by month, a running fire of commentary has been kept up, approving, finding fault, anticipating, suggesting, describing, until we are saturated with military details, and every fifth man is ready to tell you off-hand whom we shall hang and whom we shall drown—what the generals ought to have done, and what, if they are wise, they will do. In short, the whole proceedings have not been unlike a game of chess, played out in a public room, with this difference that, whereas no chess-players would permit a positive hurlyburly of criticism, a storm of blame, advice, irony, invective, to go on around them, the players at the game of war have perforce conducted their campaign under such an uproar as never was heard before, out-dinning the noise of Sweaborg, and over-crowding the thunders of Sebastopol. On the whole, we do not think this participation of the public in the battle has done any harm—rather good. The chief damage we have sustained has been in our prestige. Nations not so free as ourselves—indeed, quite unused to the utter frankness of British speech and writing when Britons are engaged in the process of self-correction, or the press is vindicating its proud ambition—have taken us at our word, and the more eagerly as most words recently uttered have depreciated our efforts and actions as a nation. Time will correct this; and, so long as the spirit which has animated the British people in this war endures, we may lose our prestige, but we shall not lose any real power. When the present shall be the past, and men look back to see what deeds were done in these days, depend upon it the things that stand out will not be the failure of the War Department, but the irresistible rush of the English troops up the steep above the Alma; not the failure of the first bombardment, but the charge of the Light Brigade; not the repulse at the Redan, but the splendid resistance at Inkermann; not the scanty supply of troops, but the vast, the almost incredible fleets of transports and war-ships, which have been poured forth from the harbours of Britain to sustain this war.

In fact, we live so close to events that we cannot see them properly. We are under the shadows they project into the future. We are part of the events. We are actors, and cannot be judges. For these and other reasons, no accurate history of the war can be written now, in spite of the truly awful mass of information spread abroad. We have the surface—the public despatches, the public letters, the experiences of this officer and that civilian, the hearsay of myriads mingling and thronging into our ears. We have what can be supplied by pictorial art and the photographic process; we have models and lectures; but we have not just that which we require—the documents that the drawers and pigeon-holes of certain offices and palaces in London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Constantinople could yield us—that the diaries and private papers of the generals could supply; in two words, we have not the *secret* history of the war. Depend upon it there is a secret history, as there is of every event great and small; and the secret history of this war is at present a long way from publicity. A knowledge of this fact should temper the judgment and moderate the pen.

In the meanwhile we are bound to go on as well as we can. The three volumes, whose titles we have placed at the head of this notice, are all worthy of attention in their way; but they are as different in character as they well can be. Their value is in the order we have set them down, only the first is immeasurably first, and the third has some advantages over the second. Colonel Hamley writes with a soldier's knowledge and responsibility; Mr. Woods writes from the correspondent's point of view, and in the correspondent's frame of mind; Lord Ellesmere, from a very wide range of observation, supplies the judicial element, and modestly comments on the whole campaign. The reader will see at a glance the varied character of the volumes. Colonel Hamley might be read without Mr. Woods; but if you read Mr. Woods it would be well to do so with Colonel Hamley's book by your side. Both are in the highest degree readable, and deserve to be read. Colonel Hamley's volume is a reprint of his letters from the camp which have

appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. They are not, they do not pretend to be, a full history of everything; but the outline of the whole campaign is well preserved; what he has set down that he did not see, Colonel Hamley had good warrant for; and what he did see is simply and clearly told. The reader has therefore the inestimable advantage of following one individuality, and that an active and prominent one, all through the campaign; and of hearing a witness on the great subjects of difference whose word must have great weight. Moreover, Colonel Hamley has the advantage of *knowing* the subject on which he writes; he is familiar with its terms; he has read of other wars, and he can thus judge not of the seeming absolute, but the relative value of what passes before his eyes. He has thus had many advantages, and he has made the most of them. The reader who peruses in a connected form the narrative of the campaign, as told by Colonel Hamley, will rise with a far better idea of it than any other single work with which we are acquainted could supply. It will also be found a wholesome corrective of popular illusions which have done a great deal of harm. A year ago, in the depth of our distress, feeling it keenly, and sympathising with his comrades in the ranks who felt it more keenly, Colonel Hamley wrote thus:—

It is natural that, when men of talent have exerted all their descriptive power to set the sufferings of the army in the strongest possible light, their readers should be excited to a pitch of sympathy even beyond that which an actual sight of the horrors so vividly depicted would produce. With advancing civilisation human life has risen in value and consideration to an unprecedented extent; our soldiers, no longer accounted as food for powder, are thought of as equal in all respects, superior in some, to those citizens of ancient states who have made famous the names of Thermopylae, Platea, and Marathon; and those who would scruple to deprive the worst criminal of existence, cannot hear of so many brave men perishing without horror. * * * Is it politic to insist so strongly on our inferiority?—or, if politic, is it just? I have heard of letters from Paris alluding to others received from the French camp, in which the French army is described as being entirely occupied with taking care of the English. The Continental states, taking us at our word, begin to affect compassion for the military system of the nation which is stronger in resources now than when it saved Europe. Cannot necessary reforms be effected without such depreciatory outcry? Might not the comparisons I speak of be drawn with greater fairness? Legions of fresh troops were always ready to cover, and more than cover, the losses of the French. England and France are friends—long may they continue so—nor should any subject be hinted at which is likely to excite jealousy between them: but let us be just to ourselves. Nothing has yet occurred to prove that our ancient reputation in arms is endangered.

Again, a glance to the future:—

We have little to learn in war from any nation, and the superiority in the internal management of the French army is principally due, in my judgment, wherever it really exists, to the ample supplies of men and material which, maintained and practised in time of peace, respond with ease and efficiency to the requirements of war. Probably all this will now be remedied. Soldiers will be enlisted, transport procured, surgeons commissioned, and the glory of England maintained in a fashion worthy of her unrivalled resources—and then will come peace. And with peace will return our habit of considering that alone valuable, the value of which can be measured by the commercial standard: the army will shrivel to skeleton—its members will be again the object of jealousy and taunts—until, in a new war, we shall again learn our deficiencies from our misfortunes. In our first campaigns, our victories will remain unimproved for want of cavalry; our supplies of all kinds will fail for want of transport; and our troops suddenly transformed from popinjays to heroes, will be called on to make good with blood and sweat the parsimony of the repentant nation.

Although Mr. Woods has given us an entertaining and instructive book we cannot place it on the same level with that of Colonel Hamley. It was our good fortune to read the letters which Mr. Woods so faithfully supplied to the *Morning Herald*, and we were very grateful for them at the time. But these volumes are an amplified, without being a corrected or chastened edition of those letters; and much that might have been omitted is retained, and much that might have been suppressed is supplied. One compressed volume would have been far better than two diffuse ones; one clear-flowing narrative would have been far more acceptable than an attempt to perform the impossible—to give us a complete history. Mr. Woods disclaims all pretension to military criticism, a disclaimer which his readers will not readily allow. He is also disposed to use his privilege as a Briton and a correspondent, and find fault very freely. Throughout his book he betrays a yielding to the morbid fancy that the French have shown a superiority over the English in this famous fight for Sebastopol. But happily at the close he controverts the error, that the French took Sebastopol—"than this opinion nothing can be more erroneous," and thus shows that reflection can do much for a man. It is only to be regretted that both volumes had not been revised in a similar spirit. So far we have to except to this "Past Campaign." But we would not willingly do Mr. Woods any injustice. He is zealous, really in earnest, painstaking—he possesses a talent for clear description which is not common, and all his letters from the camp were full of information. Although we cannot rely on his book with thorough trust, we can, with this qualification, safely recommend it to the public as one of the best media for obtaining a glimpse of the campaign.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature. By M. S. De Vere, of the University of Virginia.

THE author of these interesting "Leaves" is unmistakeably a lover of nature, and like all lovers, an enthusiast. This, while the source of a genial warmth which renders his musings attractive, at the same time cautions us somewhat as to his generalisations and conclusions, more especially since they are not unfrequently expressed in a style unnecessarily soaring and ornate. The nature of the subjects, moreover, of which these reflections treat—the existence and action of animal and vegetable life—is of a kind respecting which we may be forgiven for guarding ourselves against credulity. For we cannot but remember not only the mysteries still presented by many among the simplest objects in creation, but the vagueness and uncertainty often connected with those facts assumed to have been brought to light. Science has its marvels of discovery, yet it has its many secrets unrevealed. Accident, it is said, has sometimes discovered an important truth; but oftener,

perhaps, has self-complacency been deceived by its imagined possession, which reminds us of the would-be wise *savans* of the French academy. Priding themselves on having ascertained the exact nature of the crab, they submitted their definition—that “it was a red fish which walked backwards”—to Cuvier, who congratulated them on its correctness, in all but three points—that it was not a fish, nor was it red, nor did it walk backwards! This by way of warning to those smitten with Mr. De Vere’s propensity to speculate, probably without his powers: for his ability is greater than ordinary, far more than enthusiasm being discernible in the papers composing his volume, a series of meditative discussions, which might be termed, were they less familiar and more condensed in manner, Essays. Treating of a variety of matters, from a pebble to the moon, Mr. De Vere has scope to display the knowledge, ability, and good taste which he certainly possesses in no inconsiderable degree. He discourses alternately of the mineral, the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, relative to which he has a rich store of facts, together with abundance of curious and interesting illustrations, mingled occasionally with an incident from his own treasury or that of other travellers; so that there are few readers who could fail to be both enlightened and amused by his pages. Of the ocean and its life, Mr. De Vere has much to tell us in a charming fashion, of its singular possessions and attributes, also of Nature in her hidden depths and her wondrous agency, though we prefer to glean from his pleasant converse concerning the floral world. A singular fact in connexion with plants is their migration, the seeds being the organs of locomotion, and possessing for that purpose special qualifications for a long journey through the air. Hence the origin of those rings in the turf which Fancy loves to picture as the enchanted circle of some midsummer night’s revel, is in the first instance the presence of a species of fungi which when mature, and filled with seed, discharges its tiny balls in a circle around, and then dies. A fresh ring is thus formed and so the circle goes on enlarging. In this way, or on the wings of the wind or of birds, flowers, shrubs, and trees are transplanted to different localities. Often through this natural process, the most careful attempts at monopoly are frustrated, as when the Dutch, says the historian of the Indian Archipelago, wishing to limit the supply of the nutmeg to the amount of their own annual produce, determined to destroy all plants producing “fruit after that kind,” and so felled every tree in the Molucca Islands, where it was indigenous. But it happened that all their endeavours were baffled by a certain crafty little bird who, determined to enjoy himself in spite of all Dutchmen, continued to feast on the nuts and to carry their seeds to distant parts wheresoever he would. Even the ocean is subservient to the erratic inclination of plants, the great cocoa-nut in its weathertight coating riding buoyantly far over the waves.

A curious instance among the various uses of plants is their adaptation to furnish dwellings to so many different classes of occupants. The ant of South America having luxurious habits, takes care to provide himself with alternate residences for the different seasons, at winter resting in the warm ground, and in summer making his abode in the tops of tall plants. His favourite palace is the enormous reed growing on the banks of the Amazon, which thirty feet in height is seen crowned with a large ball of earth like the globe of steeple—the home of myriads of ants. Safe in the hollow of the reed they there ascend and descend, sheltered from inundation or attack, living on what the surface of the water bears them. Tradition tells us, moreover, of a hollow plane-tree wherein twenty-one guests were feasted; which is the fig-tree of India. Mr. De Vere tells us how the indolent Boujé builds himself a hut and dreams his life away under the pleasant shade of its spreading branches. Whole nations even have thus their aerial habitations; for instance, the Guarani, west of Orinoco. Taking the leaf stalks of the Mauritius palm, they twine them into cords, which they skilfully weave into mats. These they suspend high in the air, and cover with clay for their homes, the fires of which may be seen by the traveller, in the dark night, blazing in the tops of the loftiest forest trees. We may thus credit the records of men having been born in trees. Among the inhabitants of the east coast of Africa, it is common to make tombs of the trunks. An interesting custom thus obtains with the Indians of Maine, who on the death of one of their leaders, turn up a young maple-tree, place the body of their chief underneath, and then let the roots spring back, thus erecting a verdant monument to the departed.

According to the exquisite providence of nature, trees are indebted not only to the infinite variety of their structures and properties, but even to their barks for preservation and advancement. In mountain trees we find the barks deeply furrowed with numerous channels, so that an avenue may be afforded for the moisture to reach their rock-emburied roots. The northern birches and willows have their silvery barks, that the whiteness may reflect what little heat is afforded, while in the south the coverings are dark and soft to resist it. A story is told to prove the indestructibility of this garment of vegetation. The grave of Numa Pompilius was opened, it is said, four hundred years after his death, when the body of the king was found to be a handful of dust, while the frail bark on which his laws were written remained uninjured at his side!

Among his incidents of travel, Mr. De Vere relates one peculiarly interesting. Visiting the abode of Linné, he found among the reliques preserved in his house, an ingenious and singular contrivance—a “floral clock.” In a half circle, round the table of the great botanist, a number of plants were arranged, which opening their flowers at a certain moment, told the hour with unerring exactitude! But many were the truths told by flowers to Mr. De Vere, who, regarding them with a poet’s eye, conceives “how akin they are to human things,” and pleasantly imparts the lessons to all who will attend.

Flora of the Colosseum of Rome. By Richard Deakin, M.D.

Groombridge and Sons.

THOSE who, lovers of floral productions, possess the power of appreciating objects among the most exquisite in creation, will be interested by Mr. Deakin’s graceful little volume. Its pages, containing descriptions of a great variety of flowers, plants, trees, shrubs, and grapes, are brightened also occasionally by coloured illustrations of the more elegant of the specimens. Among these some are beautiful, while all are more or less curious, from the various peculiarities of their nature and properties.

The charm of association, moreover, attaches to them; they flourish

around the ruins of one of the most magnificent creations of Imperial Rome—the Colosseum—which our tourist may now see familiarised in a manner, because, singularly enough, clad with much of the very same verdure in which his own English garden is arrayed. Even in that city, which is the treasury of historical associations, no spot is more memorable than the Colosseum, from the spirit-stirring scenes of which it was the arena. Galleries, with now scarcely one stone untouched by decay, once glittered with the pomp of Titus and his courtly train, assembled for the ferocious pastime of the amphitheatre; there, with the splendid animals of the southern wilds, human captives as lightly esteemed, though even the haughty sons of Israel, strove in mortal contest.

The vegetation of the Colosseum contains, Mr. Deakin tells us, not less than four hundred and twenty species, in which number there are examples of two hundred and fifty-three genera, and illustrations of sixty-three of the natural order of plants. This vegetation, covering, as it does, the surface of the walls and the interior of the ruins, extends considerably beyond the space occupied by the actual building. It is thus nurtured in a greater variety of soil than might be imagined, the lower and remaining portions favouring the growth of those plants which “prosper in the shade,” as Bacon says; the dryness and exposure of more elevated positions that of others.

Together with the wall-flower, the mignonette, the daisy, the larkspur, and the pale anemone of spring, blooms the “red-mouthed rose, the woman of the flowers.” As queen of the parterre, it seems to have been equally prized by the ancients as by ourselves, Herodotus telling us of the sixty-leaved rose, to such perfection had the flower been brought, the fragrant petals of which Homer compares to the fingers of the morning. Useful for decoration and as a perfume, the rose has also a medicinal quality as a slight tonic.

Equally favoured as a fruit appears to have been the cherry, imported into Italy by Lucullus. Of the pear the Romans are said to have known about thirty-six varieties; while the strawberry, which adorns with its blushing blossoms the mountain districts of Italy, seems never to have been more, or perhaps so much, prized as by ourselves.

The ivy, so lavishly adorning with its friendly verdure all ruins, decks also the Colosseum. Cultivation, which has obtained so many ornamental species of this plant, has produced from it one pre-eminently beautiful, which, with its hanging cluster of golden berries, and dark, sombre, green leaves, may be seen covering luxuriantly the tomb of Cæcilie Metella.

TWO POETS OF THE PEOPLE.

The Lump of Gold and other Poems. By Charles Mackay. London: Routledge and Co. Five years ago, we recorded in the columns of this journal our opinion that Dr. Mackay’s poetry “is rather the reflex of a temperament poetically inclined, than the fervid utterance of a soul burdened with the mysteries of its sensations.” To that opinion we still adhere, and see no occasion to modify it in any degree. Dr. Mackay is a poet of the people, and exhibits all the excellencies and defects peculiar to poets of that class. He has fancy, generosity of sentiment, and a certain faculty of musical expression; but he has the inevitable “popular” fault of giving undue prominence to merely temporary interests: his poems, for the most part, are like versified newspapers, or leading articles beaten into lines and stanzas. Herein, perhaps, consists their peculiar excellence and their genuine worth; for they speak at once to the every-day sympathies of every-day people, and sanctify with something of ideality and noble aspiration—with much of harmonious feeling and expression—the hard facts and utilitarian progress of the day. Workmen from the loom and the spinning-jenny, from the steam-engine and the printing-office, may find in the poetry of Mackay an echo of their daily thoughts and desires, and may be the better for finding those feelings expressed and made clear to them in language which they can understand, yet which surpasses any that they have at their own command. Dr. Mackay’s object—to use his own words—is “to sing a music to the march of man.” We are therefore fully impressed with the good results that may accrue from “poetry for the people,” and we must concede to Dr. Mackay one of the first places in that particular class. But the poetry, considered in the abstract, cannot be of the highest kind. It is too didactic; too self-conscious and sectional; too content with obvious moralities; too much subjected to passing forms and modes. The greatest creations of poetry are of equal interest in every age, because they are built upon the broad foundations of our nature; but poems written for the time will only preserve their interest with the time. There are of course a few exceptions to this rule, as in some of the verses of Hood and Tennyson, and in the noble “Cry of the Factory Children,” of Mrs. Barrett Browning; but such poems, besides the interest arising out of the temporary circumstances to which they refer, appeal to the deepest emotions of humanity.

Dr. Mackay, like all poets of the people, seems to have great facility in the making of verses. It is not a fatal facility; for in the volume before us, as in all his volumes, there are many delightful lines and stanzas—much that is worthy to pass into the national heart, and which the national heart will be the better for receiving. But we fear he trusts himself too confidently to the first thought—surrenders himself too quickly to the tendency (perhaps habitual to him) of moulding all his emotions into verse, of setting his daily life to music, as Tubal Cain dashed out harmonies from the smiting of his hammer on the anvil. The result in the case of Dr. Mackay is the publication of much common-place prettiness, which really does injustice to the sterling matter which at other times he can put forth. Why does he not regard his own reputation more jealously; weigh every line a hundred times over; reject the dross, and burnish by repeated labour the fine metal?

“The Lump of Gold” is a story, showing how the heir of a noble but ruined house left his young wife, the daughter of a country clergyman, to seek a renewal of his fortunes in the gold fields of Australia; how he nearly murdered a friend and fellow digger; how he fled back to England, under the impression that he was a homicide; lived a wretched, raving life in London for a long time; then returned to the village where his wife resided, and was comforted by the ghostly consolation of his reverend father-in-law, and still more by the discovery that the gentleman to whom he had given

shrewd a knock on the head was in fact alive and well, and had returned home. The story is told with sweetness, and with pleasing descriptions of natural scenery. There is something, too, charming in the sketch of the kind, mild, unselfish, and charitable clergyman, and his equally excellent daughter. Part the Fourth, however—or at least that portion of it describing the voyage of the emigrant ship, and its encounters with fogs and icebergs—is too staring a reflex, both as regards conception, expression, sentiment, and versification, of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." In the same Part, also, the feverish, frantic working for gold—the jealousy of others experienced by the hero—his murderous attack on his fellow workman—and his sudden flight back to England, pursued by the ghosts of his conscience—are singularly like the incidents and even the stanza of a poem published in "Household Words" about three years ago, under the title of "The Ballad of the Gold-Seeker."

A REMNANT OF THE BLACK FRIARS IN "THE TIMES" OFFICE.—In our last volume we (*Builder*) gave illustrations of those parts of the ancient wall of London which then existed, and some particulars. One of these masses was situated beneath the *Times* printing-office, which stands where the wall stood up to about the time of Edward II. Urgent want of space has led to the removal of the old wall since our notice appeared; and now we have to mention the discovery of a portion of the building which succeeded the more ancient wall. The Black Friars came to this site (from Holborn) in 1276, Rokesby, Mayor of London, having procured it for them. Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, built the church for them in the early part of the reign of Edward I. In 1282, they obtained licence to break down the city wall, and remove it westward, for the enlargement of their church, which was then made very spacious. After the dissolution of the monastery, the church was pulled down, and here we now have the plinth and foundation of one of the buttresses brought to light, after being buried three hundred years; to turn up in such a position too—in the midst of the printing-house of the *Times* newspaper! Close to the buttress, on the south side of it, is what would seem to have been the jamb of a doorway. Want of room will necessitate the removal of the old remnant, and we have thought it right, therefore, to note its discovery and nature.—*The Builder.*

AN IMAGINARY MISTRESS.—The squabbles of Signor and Madame Ronconi again came before the French tribunals a short time since. Madame Ronconi and a M. Cattabeni were tried for adultery. M. Crimieu, advocate of Ronconi, said it was clearly proved that Madame Ronconi and Cattabeni had been guilty of adultery, and that, besides, they made no attempt to deny their guilt. Nevertheless, Ronconi did not wish to have his wife severely punished, but merely subjected to such a condemnation as should enable him to obtain a separation from her. With respect to her allegation that he had forced her into the arms of Cattabeni by his adultery with a Spanish *danseuse*, named Carmen, it was utterly false, for that no such person as Carmen existed. The fact was that Ronconi had obtained proofs that his wife was unfaithful to him, and he determined to separate from her; but fearing the ridicule which is generally heaped on a deceived husband, he resolved to feign a passion for another woman, in order to make it appear that the separation was caused by his misconduct. He therefore arranged with his wife to write letters to an imaginary mistress, professing the most ardent love for her, and another letter to his wife, declaring that, in consequence of that love for another, he could no longer live with her. With these letters, Madame Ronconi was to have gone before the Civil Tribunal and to have demanded a separation; Ronconi, on his part, making no opposition. But she afterwards refused to fulfil these conditions, and calumniated her husband in the newspapers. Extraordinary as was the statement about the non-existence of Mademoiselle Carmen the advocate assured the Tribunal that it was strictly true, and, as a proof of it, he stated that Mademoiselle Carmen was no other than the heroine of a novel by Paul Féval, entitled, "Les Amours de Paris." The Tribunal sentenced Madame Ronconi to three months, and M. Cattabeni to eight days' imprisonment.—The readers of this journal will probably recollect the impassioned letters to Mademoiselle Carmen, of which we reproduced some portions on the 23rd of last June. The fiction was certainly well maintained.

LINCOLN ELECTION.—Major Sibthorp, son of the late representative, has been returned for Lincoln without opposition. He declared himself opposed to "any patched-up trumpery peace." He said he was a Conservative, but no party man; desirous of seeing the church-rate question settled, and the income-tax re-adjusted; and willing to assist in the removal of all proved abuses in the administrative system of the country.

BURSTING OF A BEER-VAT.—A large beer-vat, at a brewery in Bath, has exploded with a noise like artillery. The bulk and vehemence of the flood of liquid which was thus released caused it to burst through the walls of the adjacent houses, making alarming fissures in its progress, and nearly drowning inmates. Thence the beer flowed out into the

street, down which it ran like a small river. No lives were lost.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—A public meeting was held in the Town-hall of Oxford, on Wednesday evening, in aid of this fund. The Bishop of Oxford presided, and the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., was among the speakers. Aldermen Sadler and Spiers represented the city of Oxford.

THE ASSISTANT JUDGESHIP OF MIDDLESEX has been conferred on Mr. Pashley. He appeared in court for the first time in that capacity on Monday.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM IN AMERICA.—An act was recently passed in America for increasing the efficiency of the navy. Under its provisions, fifteen officers sat as a board of inquiry; and, after a careful examination, two hundred and one officers were found incapable of performing duty afloat. Forty-nine were absolutely cashiered. It has been said that the list should have been much longer, but that the Government was afraid of annihilating the navy. The press, all over the Union, has denounced the rotten condition of the navy administration; so that not alone in England does the public service suffer from the corrupt influence of favouritism.

THE QUEEN AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.—The Hon. Miss Murray, one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, who has recently travelled in the Southern States of America, has written a book highly approving of slavery as an ordinance of God "for the making of some good Christian men and women." Miss Murray desired to dedicate her book to the Queen; but her Majesty, on seeing the proof sheets, not only refused permission for the dedication, but informed the authoress that, if she published the work, she must resign her place at court. The book, however, has been issued. Such is the story put forth by the *Inquirer* newspaper.

MADMOISELLE RACHEL.—Letters from the Havannah, received in Paris, report that the health of Mdlle. Rachel was considerably improved.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

AIRLIE.—On the 20th inst., at Florence, the Countess of Airlie: a son and heir.

FERMOY.—On the 16th inst., at Trabolan, the Lady Fermoy: a son.

GRANT.—On the 17th inst., at Eilanach, Inverness, the wife of Major-General Patrick Grant, C.B.: a son.

PORTSMOUTH.—On the 19th inst., at Hurstbourne park, Hants, the Countess of Portsmouth: a son and heir.

BENNY.—On the 30th of November, at Meen Meir, Lahore, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Renny, H.M.'s 8th Regt.: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

SCULLY—MOORAT.—On the 9th inst., at the Catholic Chapel, Spanish-place, by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Francis Scully, Esq., M.P. for the county of Tipperary, to Clotilde, youngest daughter of John Samuel Moorat Esq., of Gloucester-square, Hyde-park, and Bushill park, Middlesex.

WILSON—FELLOWES.—On the 2nd inst., at St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, Charles Harry Wilson, Esq., Lieut. and Adjutant 1st Madras Infantry, to Francesca Henrietta, a youngest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Fellowes, K.T., C.B., &c.

DEATHS.

FIELDING.—On Sunday night, the 20th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, Ashly-place in her 83d year Mrs. Fielding, the venerable mother of Mrs. S. C. Hall, TENNIEL.—On the 23rd inst., at 3, Portsdown-road, Maida-hill west Julia, the dearly beloved wife of John Tenniel, Esq., Jun.

WAUGH.—On the 16th inst., suddenly, George Waugh, Esq., of Great James-street and Ladbroke square, aged 55, deeply deplored.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, January 22.
BANKRUPTS.—GEORGE FOSSEY, NORWAY-wharf, Millwall, Middlesex, timber merchant.—EDWARD ROWLAND AND THOMAS EVANS, Coleman-street, New North road, Middlesex builders.—ALEXANDER CLARK, 15, Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Middlesex, engineer and patent shutter maker.—JAMES FRASER, 704, Lower Thames-street, City, wine, spirit, and beer merchant.—BENJAMIN RICHARDSON LAWRENCE, Charlton Surrey, apothecary.—EDWARD CHARLES CURTIS, Stratford-West Ham, Essex, builder.—ABRAHAM STIMSON, Scholfield-street, Bloomsbury, Aston-Junct., Birmingham, builder.—WILLIAM HINTON AND SAMUEL MEREDITH PEASELL, King-swinford, Stafford, builders.—THOMAS BATE, Wolverhampton, licensed victualler.—JOHN GRIFFITHS, Ludlow Salop, carpenter and joiner.—JOSEPH ALLEN AND BRAMMALL HOLMES, Derby, silk throwsters and silk manufacturers.—JOSEPH SPOONER TAYLOR, Derby, ironfounder.—WILLIAM PAGE HURSTON, Cheltenham, innkeeper and wine and spirit merchant.—STEPHEN AMER, Bradford, grocer.—HENRY MANSFIELD, Liverpool, fancy toy dealer.

Friday, January 25.
BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM SHOVE, Croydon, oil and colourman.—WILLIAM HAWKER, and ALFRED CAMPION, Dowgate hill, Liverpool, fancy toy dealer.

The Emperor's Vigil, and the Wars and the War. By Ernest Jones.

London: Routledge and Co.

HERE is a little shilling volume of verse, which is emphatically poetry for and of the people. All the verses in the book before us have reference to the times, and their object is to fan the war spirit, and to show that we ought not to sheath our sword till the nationalities have been aroused and emancipated. The spirit running through all the compositions is noble and high-hearted; but we must plead guilty to an "imperfect sympathy" with battle poetry, which (excepting in some few instances, such as Tennyson's stanzas on the Balaklava charge) has a fatal tendency to run into nauseous common-place and bluster. The best poem in this collection, both as regards freshness of words and earnestness of verse, is that called "Prayer for Peace"; and to those who still swear by the style of Gray and Collins, "The Emperor's Vigil" will be welcome.

CITY, CARMEN—WILLIAM TINGEY, Tottenham-court-road-warehouseman.—WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Wallingford, builder.—JAMES SLADE, Stoke-Sub-Hamdon, Somersetshire, glove manufacturer.—THOMAS FALKINGHAM, Knaresborough, coach builder.—EDWARD ELLIS, Ludgate-hill, wine merchant.—WILLIAM JOHNSON, Metropolitan Cattle Market, licensed victualler.—NEIL BRODIE, Liverpool, commission agent.—JAMES CHADWICK, Heywood, Lancashire, joiner.—WILLIAM WILCOX, BAKER, Barlett's buildings, Holborn, stationer and printer.—CHARLES JEFFERIES, Aldersgate-street, City, merchant.—JOHN BENNINGTON BLYTHE, Old Kent-road, dealer in metals.—FREDERIC CHAFFEY, late of Old Broad-street, colonial broker.—JOHN CROSS, Bolton, Lancashire, innkeeper.—JASPER HUDSON, Seaton Carew and West Hartlepool, Durham, merchant.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

London, Friday Evening, Jan. 25, 1856.

PEOPLE having made up their minds that peace is certain, large investments have been made, not only in the Government securities, but also in all Foreign Stocks. The greatest speculation has been in Turkish Six-and-a-half and Four-and-a-Half Stock varying from two to three per cent. daily, and every one having his little throw. Yesterday Consols had arrived at their highest point that they have seen since the summer; dividend 91, 94 for February account. Since that a declension has taken place and all the other markets feel the decline. Turkish Six per Cents. were yesterday as high as 92; to-day, at twelve, they are 89; 90.

No one seems to reflect that war, or no war, there are a considerable number of bills to be presented for payment this coming season; that if any hitch occurs, if Russia breaks off Austria will find some loophole to creep out, and resume her neutrality—that this reckless speculation will meet with its just fate, and the gambler be heavily punished; and there will be many failures. The incubus of the war once taken off the imagination of the speculators, there is no bounds to the belief in an incredible rise.

Railway Shares have advanced in many instances ten per cent. This is particularly noticeable in Great Northern Stock. The anticipation of a six-and-a-quarter per cent. dividend in this Stock is the reason. All foreign railways have advanced considerably, particularly Great Luxemburgs, and the lines connected with the Eastern of France and Belgium. This is a sample of what will happen if solid peace be concluded. The reaction will come some day if it does not now. So credulous is the money-getting public to believe that what it wishes must be true, that there are not perhaps twenty men in the City who have doubts of there being any difficulty in the settling the peace or war question. We may be allowed to doubt if Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon are so certain.

Little doing in Mines or Crystal Palace Shares. Canada Railway Shares are better. East Indian ditto, and firm. There has been a depression during this day, owing to the report of a strong war party at St. Petersburg, headed by the Archduke Constantine. At four o'clock Consols closed at 90, 1; and Turkish 64, 90, 94.

Aberdeen, 23, 5; Bristol and Exeter, 83, 5; Caledonian 56, 4; Chester and Holyhead, 12, 13; East Anglian, 12, 13; Eastern Counties, 84, 9; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 80, 2; Great Northern, 95, 6; Ditto, A stock, 80, 2; Ditto B stock, 124, 125; Great Southern and Western (Ireland), 104, 106; Great Western, 55, 6; Lancaster and Carlisle, 72, 7; Ditto, Thirds, 6, 4 pm; Ditto, new Thirds, 6, 8 pm; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 60, 1; London and Blackwall, 64, 2; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 97, 9; London and North Western, 98, 94; Ditto South Ditto, 87, 8; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 24, 54; Metropolitan, 2, 3 dis.; Midland, 68, 4; Ditto, Birmingham and Derby, 40, 42; Newport, Abergavenny, and Hereford, 9, 10; North British, 30, 31; North Eastern (B-wick), 79, 74; Do., Extension, 9, 13 dis.; Ditto, Great North Eastern purchase, 41, 4 dis.; Ditto, Leeds, 13, 14; Ditto, York, 48, 9; North Staffordshire, 8, 7 1/2 dis.; Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton, 22, 4; Scottish Central, 103, 105; Scottish Midland, 73, 5; South Devon, 11, 13; South Eastern (Dover), 60, 61; South Wales, 7, 9; Vale of Neath, 19, 20; West Cornwall, 4, 6; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 8, 8; Ardennes, Eastern of France, Paris and Strasbourg, 36, 36; East India, 21, 2; Ditto Extension, 1, 2 pm; Grand Trunk of Canada, 10, 9 dis.; Great Indian Peninsula, 1, 2 pm; Luxembourg, 51, 1; Great Western of Canada, 21, 61; North of France, 36, 7; Paris and Lyons, 46, 71; Paris and Orleans, 47, 8; Sambre and Meuse, 84, 9; Western and N.W. of France, 31, 32; Agua Fria, 24, 25; Australian, —; Brazil Imperial, 12, 21; Coacae, 11, 24; St. John del Rey, 27, 9.

CORN MARKET T.

Mark-lane, Friday, Jan. 25, 1856.

Since our last report, the supplies of all kinds of grain have been very moderate, and especially so from abroad. Our farmers have not been greatly influenced by the peace negotiations, and in the provinces it is impossible to buy at a greater reduction than about 2s. to 3s. per quarter, while in most markets the decline is not so great as that. Here, the demand is most limited, but it is an expected buyers will soon have to give way to sellers, a decidedly firmer feeling having appeared since last Monday. Barley is in the same condition as wheat, and oats are in better demand, at full prices. We believe no wheat has taken place in cargoes either of wheat or maize since this day week. For Saidi wheat arrived about 49s. is asked, and 39s. for Galatz maize.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.
(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.
Bank Stock	209	210	2 1/2	210	209	209
3 per Cent. Reduced	90 1/2	90 1/2	86 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	91
3 per Cent. Con. An.	90	89 1/2	89 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Consols for Account	90 1/2	89	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
New 3 per Cent. An.	91	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	91 1/2	92
New 2 1/2 per Cent.	75	75	74	74	74	74
Long An. 1850	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
India Stock	218	218	218	220	220	220
Ditto Bonds £1000	2 dia.	par	par	4 dia.	par	par
Ditto, under £1000	2 dia.	par	par	par	par	par
Ex. Bills, £10 0	6s.	13	4 dia.	par	par	6s. dia.
Ditto, £500	p r	p m
Ditto, Small	1s.	par	par	par	1s. dia.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY EVENING)

Brazilian Bonds	101	Portuguese 5 per Cents.
Buenos Ayres 6 p. Cents	103 1/2	Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents
Chilian 6 per Cents	103 1/2	104
Chilian 3 per Cents	41	Russian 4 1/2 per Cents
Dutch 2 1/2 per Cents	54	Spanish
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	54	Spanish Committee Cert. of Coup, not fun
Ecuador Bonds	20 1/2	Turkish 6 per Cents
Mexican Account	20 1/2	Turk. New 4 dia.
Peruvian 4 1/2 per Cents	7 1/2	Venezuela, 3 1/2 per Cents

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—First Appearance of Mr. LEIGH MURRAY.—On MONDAY, January 24th, will be presented, for the first time, an entirely new and peculiarly constructed Piece de Circumstance, entitled, WHAT DOES HE WANT? in which the character of the Wizard of the North will be sustained (not for the first time) by himself, and the OTHER (decidedly for the first time) by Mr. Leigh Murray—his first appearance this season. Professor Anderson will have the honour of introducing a portion of his own Magical Entertainment; and Mr. Leigh Murray will also attempt a Magical Entertainment, which will be as entirely his own, comprising the "Minie Kille Trick," the "£10,000 note Trick," the "Milled edge-Sovereign Trick," and the "Double Alpaca Umbrella Problem." N.B.—It being Mr. Leigh Murray's debut as a Wizard, the audience are requested to order from the nearest dairy a large supply of the "milk of human kindness." The Fees to be followed by the highly successful and gorgeous Pantomime of YE BELLE ALLIANCE, Clown, Mr. Flexmore; Pantaloone, Mr. Barnes; Harlequin, Mr. C. Brown; and Columbine, Miss Emma Horne. In consequence of the great success of ROB ROY, it will be performed in the course of the week.

Doors open at half-past Six; commence at Seven. Private Boxes £3 1/2, £2 2s., £1 1s., and 1s.; Grand Balcony, 4s.; Upper Boxes, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 2s.; Pit, 2s.; Galleries, 1s. Second Price at Nine o'Clock. Balcony, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. The Box Office is open daily from 11 till 3, under the direction of Mr. O'REILLY.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN. Monday, January 28th, PERFECTION. Characters by Messrs. G. Cooke, E. Murray, and Clifton, Miss Brunley and Miss Ternan. THE LOTTERY TICKET. Wormwood, Mr. F. Robson. To conclude with THE DISCREET PRINCESSES. Tuesday, and during the week, STILL WATERS RUN DEEP. (As performed by Command of her Majesty at Windsor Castle.) In which Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan will reappear. To conclude with the New Fairy Extravaganza, THE DISCREET PRINCESSES; or, THE THREE GLASS DISTAFFS. Principal characters by Mr. Emery, Miss Marston, Miss F. Ternan, Miss Julia St. George, Miss Stephens, Miss Maskell, and Mr. F. Robson.

Italian and French Languages.

MR. ARRIVABENE, D.L.L., from the University of Padua, who has been established in London for three years, gives private lessons in Italian and French at his own house, or the houses of his pupils. He also attends Schools both in town and country. Mr. ARRIVABENE teaches on a plan thoroughly practical, and the most mediocre mind cannot fail to thoroughly comprehend his lessons.

Apply by letter to Mr. ARRIVABENE, No. 4, St. Michael's-place, Brompton.

BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.—This preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has conferred upon mankind; for, during the first twenty years of the present century, to speak of a cure for the Gout was considered a romance—but now the efficacy and safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated by unsolicited testimonies from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age.

Sold by PROUT and HARSANT, 229, Strand, London, and all Medicine Venders.

Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—The manifold advantages to the heads of families from the possession of a medicine of known efficacy, that may be resorted to with confidence, and used with success in cases of temporary sickness, occurring in families more or less every day, are so obvious to all, that no question can be raised of its importance to every housekeeper in the kingdom.

For females, these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing head-ache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, tooth-aches, pimples, and callowiness of the skin, and produce a healthy complexion.

Sold by PROUT and HARSANT, 229, Strand, London, and all Venders of Medicine.

Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

MADAME JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT-LIND.
HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

M. MITCHELL respectfully announces that M. and Madame GOLDSCHMIDT'S THIRD MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT is fixed to take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday Evening, February 11th.

Full particulars will be duly announced. Conductor, M. BENEDICT.

Prices of admission—Stalls (numbered and reserved), one guinea; unreserved seats, 10s. 6d. Doors open at Seven; to commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

The tickets will be appropriated according to the order of application; no more will be issued than the room can conveniently accommodate. Application for tickets to be made at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 4, Coventry-street, Leicester-square. Open, for gentlemen only, from 10 till 12. Containing upwards of 1,000 models and preparations, illustrating every part of the human frame in health and disease, the race of men, &c. Lectures are delivered at 12, 3, and 5 morning, and half-past 7 evening, by Dr. Sexton, F.R.C.S., and at half-past 8, by Dr. Kahn. Admission 1s.

K EATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—The vast increase in the demand for these Cough Lozenges, and the numerous testimonies constantly received, fully justify the Proprietor in asserting they are the best and safest yet offered to the Public for the cure of the following complaints:

ASTHMA, WINTER COUGH, HOARSENESS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, and other PULMONARY MALADIES.

They have deservedly obtained the highest patronage; very many of the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Public generally use them under the recommendation of some of the most eminent of the Faculty.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1d., and tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold retail by all druggists and patent medicine vendors in the world.

K EATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD LIVER OIL. perfectly pure and nearly tasteless, having been analysed, reported on, and recommended by Professors Taylor and Thomson, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, who, in the words of the late Dr. Pareira, say, "the finest oil is that most devoid of colour, odour, and flavour," characters this will be readily found to possess.

79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.

Half-pints, 1s. 6d.; pints, 2s. 6d.; quarts, 4s. 6d.; five-pint bottles, 10s. 6d.; imperial measure.

* Orders from the country should expressly state "KEATING'S COD LIVER OIL."

DR. DE JONGH'S

LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

Prescribed with complete confidence and great success by the Faculty for its purity, efficacy, and marked superiority over all other kinds in the treatment of

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, GENERAL DÉBILITÉ, and all SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Opinion of

A. B. CRANVILLE, ESQ., M.D., F.R.S.

Author of "The Spas of Germany," "The Spas of England," "On Sudden Death," &c., &c.

Dr. Cranville has used Dr. de Jongh's Light Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities. He believes it to be preferable in many respects to Oils sold without the guarantee of such an authority as Dr. de Jongh. Dr. Cranville has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion so often consequent on the administration of the pale Newfoundland Oils. The Oil, being, moreover, much more palatable Dr. Cranville's patients have themselves expressed a preference for Dr. de Jongh's Light Brown Oil.

Sold only in bottles, capsule and labelled with Dr. de Jongh's stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAR, BARFORD, and CO., 77, STRAND, London, Dr. de Jongh's sole Consignees; and sent by them to all parts of town; is the COUNTRY by most respectable chemists.

Half-pints (10 ounces), 2s. 6d.; Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 6d.; Quarts (40 ounces), 9s. IMPERIAL MEASURE.

In the High Court of Chancery.

TRIESEMAR.—On the 29th of May, 1855, an Injunction was granted by the High Court of Chancery, and on the 11th of June following was made perpetual, against Joseph Franklin and others, to restrain them, under a penalty of £1,000, from imitating this medicine, which is protected by Royal Letters Patent of England, and secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the Imperial College of Medicine, Vienna. TRISEMAR, No. 1, is a remedy for Relaxation, Spermatorrhœa, and all the distressing consequences arising from early abuse, &c., and its effects are efficacious in youth, manhood, and old age; and to those persons who are prevented entering the married state from the results of early errors it is invaluable. TRISEMAR, No. 2, effectually, in the short space of three days, completely and entirely eradicates all traces of those disorders which caput and cubitus have so long been thought an antidote for, to the ruin of the health of a vast portion of the population. TRISEMAR, No. 3, is the great Continental remedy for that class of disorders which unfortunately the English physician treats with mercury, to the inevitable destruction of the patient's constitution, and which all the sarsaparilla in the world cannot remove. TRISEMAR, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are alike devoid of taste or smell, and of all nauseating qualities. They may lie on the toilet table without their use being suspected.—TRISEMAR, Nos. 1, 2, 3, are sold in tin cases, price 1s. 6d., or four cases in one for 3s., which saves 1s.; and in £5 cases, whereby there is a saving of £1. 2s.; divided into separate doses, as administered by Valpou, Allemann, Roux, &c. To be had wholesale and retail in London, at Johnson, 68, Cornhill; Hammay and Co., 63, Oxford-street; and Singer, 15, Oxford-street; H. H. Ingham, druggist, 46, Market-street, Manchester; H. Bradbury, bookseller, Deanegate, Boro.; J. Priestly, chemist, 52, Lord-street, Liverpool; Powell, bookseller, 16, Westmoreland-street, Dublin; Winnell, bookseller, High-street, Birmingham.

For females, these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing head-ache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, tooth-aches, pimples, and callowiness of the skin, and produce a healthy complexion.

Sold by PROUT and HARSANT, 229, Strand, London, and all Medicine Venders.

Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

SISAL CIGARS, SISAL CIGARS, at GOODRICH'S Cigar, Tobacco, and Snuff Stores (established 1780), 407, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square.—Box, containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s. 9d. post free, six stamps extra: lb. boxes, containing 100, 12s. 6d. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. Goodrich." A large stock of the most approved Brands.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST TEAS.

In England are to be obtained of PHILLIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY, LONDON.

This is a good time to buy TEA; when Parliament meets it is almost certain we shall have an increase of duty to, meet the expenses of the war.

Strong Congou Teas, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s., 3s. 2d.

A general Price Current is published every month, containing all the advantages of the London markets, and is sent free by post on application.

SUGARS ARE SUPPLIED AT MARKET PRICES.

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CELEBRATED BREAKFAST BACON, AND FIRST-CLASS PROVISIONS.

"The emporium for rich and delicious bacon is Fitch and Son's, Bishopsgate Within."—United Service Gazette.

We know of nothing more exquisitely delicious than a rasher of Fitch's Breakfast Bacon.—Weekly Paper.

This celebrated Bacon, smoke-dried, is sold by the side, half side, and separate pieces.

HALF SIDE, of 30lbs. at..... 9d. per lb.

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FITCH AND SON have also the honour to offer the following superior articles, extraordinary for their researches.

RICH BLUE MOULD STILTON CHEESE.

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All articles are securely packed for travelling, and delivered free throughout London. Prepayment, or a reference in town, is requested with orders from the country.

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By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent (the only patent existing for these preparations).

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A. D'NAM'S IMPROVED PATENT GROATS are manufactured by a process which entirely removes the acidity and unpleasant flavour, so universally found in similar preparations. They produce Gruel and Barley Water in the highest perfection, and, being manufactured perfectly pure, yield food of the most light and nourishing quality for the Infant, the Invalid, and the Aged. The Barley also makes a delicious Custard Pudding, and is an excellent ingredient for thickening Soups, &c.

The Patentees publish one of the numerous testimonials which they have received from eminent medical professors, relying more confidently on the intrinsic quality of the articles, of which one trial will not fail to convince the most fastidious of their purity and excellence.

(Copy.)

" Chemical Laboratory, Guy's Hospital,

February 19, 1855.

"I have submitted to a microscopic and chemical examination the samples of barley and groats which you have forwarded to me, and I beg to inform you that I find in them on'y those principles which are found in good barley; there is no mineral or other impurity present, and from the result of my investigation I believe them to be genuine, and to possess those nutritive properties assigned by the late Dr. Pereira to this description of food."

(Signed) A. S. TAYLOR.

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CAUTION.—To prevent errors, the Public are requested to observe that each package bears the signature of the Patentees, J. and J. C. A. D'NAM.

To be obtained Wholesale at the Manufactory, Maiden-lane, Queen-street, London; and Retail in Packets and Canisters at 6d. and 1s. each, and in Canisters for Families at 2s., 3s., and 1s. each, of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, &c., in Town and Country.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL IN FAVOUR OF

D. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

Extract of a letter received from J. H. McDermot, Esq., Church Educational Society, Dublin.—"Jan. 9, 1856.—I have been taking Dr. Locock's Wafers for some time, and the benefit I have derived from them is considerable. I am in constant communication with the Clergy of the Irish Branch of the Established Church, and also the leading Nobility and Gentry, and I shall feel happy in bringing the remedy under their notice, having myself derived great benefit from its use."

To SINGERS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable, for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a most pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 3s.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS WONDERFUL for

CURING DISEASES of the CHEST.—Mr. HOBBS,

of Newton Abbot, informed Professor Holloway that a lady residing near him stated that she considered HOLLOWAY'S PILLS had been the means of saving her life. Three medical men had pronounced her disease incurable, terming it consumption: seeing no account of some person being cured of a similar complaint, she determined on giving them a trial, and fortunately for her they have effected a perfect cure which she is willing to testify to by reference to Mr. Hobbs.

Sold by all Medicine Venders throughout the World, at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stamps, Constantinople; A. Guley, Smyrna; and C. Muir, Malta.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE.—

REDUCTION IN PRICE.
HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO., Wine and Beer Merchants and Importers, delivering the October Brewings of the above celebrated Ale at the following reduced prices:

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE in BOTTLE.—Imperial quarts, 5s. per dozen; Imperial pints, 5s. per dozen; Imperial half-pints (for luncheon), 3s. per dozen. Also in Reputed measure at proportionate prices.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE, in 18 gallon casks, at 3s.

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HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO., request the attention of private families to a few of the testimonials sent spontaneously to the firm of Messrs. Allsopp and Sons, by the following amongst many other eminent medical and scientific men, who have expressed the favourable opinion they entertained, after strict analysis, as well as after the experience of years, thus showing how strongly ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE is recommended by the most able physicians and surgeons, as well as the eminent chemists of the day:—

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"Entire purity; superlative wholesomeness of Allsopp's Pale and Bitter Ales. The best form of malt liquor ever supplied to the public."—Thomas Macaulay, Esq., Surgeon to the Leicester Infirmary.

"A mild, bitter, and pleasant beverage, for giving increased impetus and vigour to a weak and low stomach."—Dr. William Guy.

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"Of much service where other beverages in many cases were inadmissible."—John Harrison, Esq., Surgeon.

"Well adapted to those in health; calculated to strengthen and invigorate the system in hot climates."—J. H. Pepper, F.C.S., A.C.E., &c.

"Recommend it in preference to every other beverage of a similar kind."—Dr. Thomas Newman.

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HAVE the pleasure to announce that they are now SELLING NEW SEASON'S TEAS, which are of better quality and lower price than for two years past.

The BEST 3s. 4d. BLACK TEA in LONDON—recommended.

VERY CHOICE SOUCHONG, per lb. 4s.—highly recommended.

THE BEST MOCHA COFFEE, per lb. 1s. 6d.—highly recommended.

Families and all large consumers are respectfully requested to COMPARE the 3s. 4d. BLACK TEA with any they purchase at 3s. 10d., and their 4s. very choice SOUCHONG with TEA at any price.

The COMPANY pack TEAS in POUND PACKETS, 7lbs., 14lbs., and 20lbs. Canisters without charge; and forward £3 value, carriage paid.

For the convenience of their customers, they supply Sugars and Colonial Produce at a small per centage on import prices.

Monthly Price Circular free on application.

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A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer.

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ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c., for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c.

They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 10s. Postage, 6d.

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Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They are the largest in the world, and contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design or excellency of workmanship. Bright Stoves, with bronzed ornaments and two sets of bars, £2. 1s. to £3. 10s.; ditto with ornate ornaments and two sets of bars, £5. 10s. to £12. 12s.; Bronzed Fenders complete, with standards, from 7s. to 43s.; Steel Fenders from £2. 15s. to £6.; ditto with ornate ornaments, from £2. 15s. to £7. 7s.; Fire-irons from 1s. 9d. the set to £4. 4s. Sylvester and all other Patent Stoves, with radiating hearth plates. All which he is enabled to sell at these very reduced charges.

Firstly.—From the frequency and extent of his purchases; and

Secondly.—From those purchases being made exclusively for cash.

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Tea Spoons per dozen .. 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s.

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Tea and coffee sets, waiters, candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.

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Table Spoons and Forks, full

size, per dozen .. 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s.

Dessert ditto and ditto .. 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s.

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LAMPS of all SORTS and PATTERNS.—

WILLIAM S. BURTON invites attention to this season's SHOW of LAMPS. It embraces the Moderateur (the best Parisian specimens of which have been carefully collected), Argand, Star, Camphire, Palmer's Magnum, and other lamps for candles; and comprises an assortment which, considered either as to extent, price, or pattern, is perfectly unrivaled.

Pure Colza Oil, 5s. 6d. per gallon.

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Patent Camphire 4s. per gallon.

DISH COVERS and HOT WATER DISHES

in every material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherche patterns. Tin Dish Covers, 6s. 6d. the set of six; Block Tin, 3s. 3d. to 2s. 9s. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. the set; Britannia Metal, with or without silver plated handles, 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. the set; Sheffield plated, £10 to £16. 10s. the set; Block Tin Hot Water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 20s.; Britannia Metal, 22s. to 77s.; Electro plated on Nickel, full size, £11. 11s.

The alterations and additions to these extensive premises (already by far the largest in Europe), which have occupied the whole of last year, are of such a character that the entire of EIGHT HOUSES is devoted to the display of the most magnificent stock of GENERAL HOUSE IRONMONGERY (including Cutlery, Nickel Silver, Plated Goods, Bathes, Brushes and Turnery, Lamps and Gasoliers, Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Bedding), so arranged in Sixteen Large Show Rooms, as to afford to parties furnishing facilities in the selection of the goods that cannot be hoped for elsewhere.

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